TO LONDON FOR THE JUBILEE

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FOR

THE JUBILEE

BY

...KIT...

TORONTO:
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PREFACE.

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In offering this little volume to the public, I am obeying the commands of certain shadows who, ever since these letters first appeared in the *Mail and Empire*, have written over vague signatures asking that such letters be gathered together and presented in the form of a book. I am now presenting them in such a form. I am hoping that you will care to read them. Their only recommendation is that they recite (in a more or less fragmentary manner, I fear), the principal movements of the great pageant of the Queen's Jubilee, an event, the most dignified and tender of the century. The letters have been little if at all altered. They are newspaper writings, which were set down with a hot pen while the events related were yet happening.

They are offered to you for what they are, as a little memory that you might care to have and keep of the most historical year in all the hundred years which are nearing their close. I cannot say much for them. Perhaps you will be kind and accept them with all their shortcomings.

KIT.

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I.

The Eve of The Jubilee

AS the train steamed softly into London you caught your first sight of the Jubilee decorations. Coming direct from the freshness of a bright Canadian city, gray old London, with the soft blue mists of June enveloping her, and her flags and bunting gaily flying, gave a splendid picture to the eye tired of sad ocean reaches and the monotony of the mournful sea. A sort of breathlessness seized one at sight of the tall towers of Westminster looming through the soft blue vapours; at glimpses up long vistas of streets already decorated with tall Venetian masts and crimson draperies; at Father Thames shining in the June sunlight, with slow-moving barges sailing evenly upon his broad breast, One felt the nearness of the Jubilee, the importance

that was attached to this great and historical event, now that one was on the spot and at the heart of things. When the train stopped at Waterloo Station the first burst of the splendour of London came full upon one, for all London society seemed thronging upon the platforms on its way down to the Jubilee Ascot, where, as you know, the Prince's Persimmon behaved in a royal manner. We had a glimpse at great people and their clothes. The young Duchess of Marlborough wore a pink foulard, and had three little frills edged with lace to her skirt. The bodice was guipure lace over white satin. The sash was black. A charming toque of black and white chiffon, with pink roses, topped up this gay costume, and the Duchess looked very well, very English, and very, very young. The Marchioness of Londonderry wore a lovely gown of dove-gray moire, with a queer waving satin design upon it. A lace bolero opened on a soft front of white silk muslin and exquisite lace. This chic little coat was edged with grey

chiffon. Her sunshade was of burnt-straw coloured satin, covered with Cluny lace and edged with lisse. The Duchess of Westminster also wore gray. It was a delicate silver-gray gown of bengaline, finished with billows of creamy guipure lace. The bodice was a fluff of white chiffon. The sunshade was gray. Mrs. Graham Murray, the wife of the Lord Advocate for Scotland, wore a water-green and white silk, simply veiled with white silk grenadine, under which it shimmered softly. She reminded one of pond lilies and cool river reaches, and the quiet country places. Many women wore lovely dust cloaks of gray or fawn silk, under which you could catch the sheen of satin and billowy edges of white chiffon. There were many glorious poke bonnets tied round fresh, Dolly Varden, English faces. Altogether it was a lovely, cheery sight.

Driving from Waterloo Station, the first hansom that passed us contained Mr. Laurier. Somehow I took it as a good omen. It brought Canada near in

a rather down-hearted moment—down-hearted, probably, because of certain fears as to where one would lay one's head that night in this overcrowded, tumultuous London. I thought I had seen crowds and knew all about them. Had one not experienced Chicago Day at the greatest fair of the world? Was not one packed with other sardines in a row at the inauguration at Washington? And did not one know what a London crowd looked like? "Rather," I would have answered had anyone addressed these interesting queries to me a couple of weeks ago in Toronto. But here was a five and a half million crowd augmented by three millions more. The big town is literally packed. With difficulty does the traffic make any headway, and yet it is marvellous to see the way the streets are managed. The "bobby" lifts his imperial hand, and busses, cabs, drays, hand-waggons, bicycles, fall back as it were on their haunches, and the crowd surges across the narrow streets; then onward rushes the stream of traffic, and the wooden

streets resound hollowly to the tramp of horses' feet. The hum rises to a dull roar, the Mansion House crossing looks impassable, and shoals of timid women make wild dashes for the little stone "islands" in the middle of the streets, and hover on these stony shores until some officer, pitying these pilgrims, escorts them across deep waters and lands them on the other side. Country cousins are here, thick as the currants on the bushes in their gardens. They block the way, and get run into as they stand gaping at the decorations along the Strand and Fleet street. The latter roadway is almost impossible to traverse. You march along at a funeral pace, often getting a "set-back" from the crowd in front, and oftener rushing forward impelled by umbrella and elbow-prods from the throng behind. Your toes are calmly trampled upon, and there is no time to resent it. By the time you reach Ludgate Hill you are hobbling like a cripple, but you see St. Paul's in the distance, and gird up again, and struggle to its heavenly pre-

cincts, where you sit in a dim corner, and suddenly forget all about your punched and bruised person, because afternoon service is going on, and a boy's voice lifts you with it to the dome, and you are lost to London.

Ordinarily, London holds something over five millions of people, but just now she is called upon to house and feed eight millions and a half. Never was such an immense crowd seen before in the world's capital. The doings of ten years previous, on the occasion of the first Jubilee, fade into insignificance before the splendour of the present undertakings. The very City of London proper—always such a deserted and lonely place after business hours—is invaded by hordes from the provinces —from America, from the Colonies. Soldiers in strange uniforms are to be met with everywhere. The women on the streets blaze with diamonds and jewels. These women are largely the American contingent, who never—it seems—can be taught the vulgarity of wearing gems on the street. In the

Park, early in the morning, you find the really nice London people. The prettiest human butterflies in the world flutter here in the first sunshine of these pleasant June days. Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer rides here often. She has a splendid seat, and rides her beautiful mare with an ease that you do not find among riding-school girls. You can only get that by country and hunt work, and it is not common in London. I saw Lord Wolseley in a brown squash hat the other day, pacing along the Row on his horse, and bowing to the Duke of Cambridge. Nearly all London's beauties come here for a quiet morning walk or ride. The Irish girls are holding their own. Lovely Lady Moyra Cavendish, in white canvas, is something to wonder at. Miss Enid Wilson, one of the greatest beauties here, has a young sister just coming out, whose exquisite little face is one of the joys of the Jubilee to whoever is fortunate enough to look upon it. The dresses are dreams of costly simplicity.

Almost the first thing to do was to

call at the Colonial Chambers, 17 Victoria street, and pay one's respects to our High Commissioner, Sir Donald Smith. Overwhelmed with business as Sir Donald is at this moment, he always finds time to help you on your way, give information of all kinds to travelling Canadians, and welcome everyone from the Dominion. The Colonials are really the most important people in town just now, and Canada stands at the head of the Colonies. I called on Mr. Laurier at the Hotel Cecil. There are seven Premiers staying at this magnificent hostelry, and each is provided by the British Government with suites of rooms and special servants. I found a Royal Canadian Dragoon guarding the entrance to Mr. Laurier's suite. Quite a crowd was awaiting admittance, and the Premier has not a moment to himself. The Earl of Jersey was with him when we called, and all sorts of notabilities were down in the visitors' book. Our Premier had time, however, for everybody. His private room is a pretty, secluded chamber,

furnished in pale blue and lemon colour. On the table there was a huge bunch of the largest and most beautiful orchids I have ever seen, and in the midst of these there stood one tall hollyhock. That quaint, old-fashioned flower was somehow a comfort to one. It brought thoughts of an old garden, and moonlight nights, and music stealing out through open windows, and—maybe, tender words. "And we'll be seeing the old garden," I told Thady, who sat silent, oppressed by London and all this grandeur and the thoughts of seeing the Premier. But he paid no heed to my words. "Wait till I tell John," he whispered. "He thinks he's great because his mother shook hands with the President of the United States, but he'll get a fit when he hears Mr. Laurier shook hands with me."

Mr. Laurier received us with his usual kindly courtesy. He is looking extremely well, despite the incessant fatigue to which he is subjected with his immense correspondence and attention to the crowds of visitors who are

constantly calling. As we arose to leave, I said:—

"I suppose it will be Sir Wilfrid when next we meet, Mr. Laurier?"

To which he replied that it was optional with him whether it would be so or not, and he had not yet made up his mind about it.

He is certainly a great success in London, is our Premier. He takes precedence—as no doubt you will have read—of all the other Premiers, and will head the Colonial procession alone, in a royal carriage. His speech at the Colonial dinner, given at the Imperial Institute, when the Prince of Wales gave, as the principal toast of the evening, "Our guests, the Colonial Premiers," was a most happy one, although his assertion that the Queen has no more loyal and devoted subjects than the French-Canadians was to me a little surprising when I remembered the intense loyalty and almost adoration in which her Majesty is held by her English, Irish and Scotch Colonists. Still Mr. Laurier knows whereof he speaks,

and the fact that the leading man in the Dominion is a French-Canadian carries great weight. Mr. Laurier added that nowhere is the unity of the Empire more prized than in the Dominion. He was assuredly right in that.

Altogether Canada assumes a very important place in London just now, and the cheers whenever "Our Boys" parade are deafening. Some of the London papers have it that there is no "system" about the preparations made for the Colonies. A Canadian wrote to a London journal on this matter, and concluded his letter with: "We cannot kick up a row here, but we can write home, and do you blame us if we do?" Scanty welcome and abundant snubs are what this Canadian complains of, and the *Daily Graphic* publishes a conversation with one of the Australian troopers, which rather upholds the Canadian's view of things. "We always get a good dinner," said the Australian, "and have a capital time outside barracks, but we are somtimes a little short morning

and night." Naturally the English papers are incensed at this sort of thing, and while abusing the want of system of the authorities, they declare that the Colonials are the men "whom all England is desirous to honour." In fact, the Colonies are the big people of the Jubilee, representing as they do the solidity and integrity of the vast British Empire. Their loyalty is exploited in the editorials of the leading papers, and the brightest tribute to Queen Victoria on her Commemoration Day will be the immense Colonial contingent, which assures the whole world—if any such assurance were needed—of the might and strength of the British Empire, and of the extreme personal attachment felt for her Majesty, not only as Queen, but as a most perfect and beautiful example of all womanly virtues, by her subjects from the Colonies. Any want of "system," therefore, in the arrangements made for Colonial troops, will, I feel assured, be speedily rectified. To drift to other matters.

London belongs just at present to

carpenters and decorators. There is virtually no business doing. Shop fronts are boarded up, and business people are grumbling. Not for merely one day has commerce been interrupted, but for a full week. The decorations, as well as the Queen's procession, I will reserve for another letter, touching on them merely so far as to say that they are on a very magnificent scale and outdo anything I have ever seen. The difficulty will be to find words wherein to describe gray old London in her royal garments.

Royalty is rather cheap just now. That is, you may meet it anywhere. The other night we saw the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Mme. Bernhardt's performance of that exceedingly dull and long-drawn-out tragedy "Lorenzaccio," at the Adelphi. The always-divine Sarah plays the part of a young man, who wears black tights and a black embroidered tunic with a black cloak. From amid these sombre sables her blonde head and clear-cut features

rise radiant, delicate, cameo-like, and marvellously youthful; but as a fact not even the genius of the great actress is able to cope with a play so gloomy, crude and monotonous. Madame Bernhardt cannot lay aside her petticoats with impunity, and she assuredly deserves much commendation for the devotion to her art which leads her to discard them on this occasion, and appear as the diminutive hero of de Musset's tiresome drama. The Royal party seemed very pleased, however, and applauded heartily, and Bernhardt received an ovation.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We take off our hats to the Queen,
  We take off our hats to the Queen;
We tell naughty tales to the good Prince of
    Wales,
  But we take off our hats to the Queen.

So sings the knowing little soubrette at the Gaiety. Poor Prince! Genial First Gentleman of Europe! they are always having a sly fling at him. He is truly beloved for all that. What a popular King he will be if ever he

gets the chance! The theatres along the Strand are doing a roaring business. Country cousins go with delight to spend "A Night Out" at the Vaudeville, and "Two Little Vags" delight crowds at the Standard. "The Red Lamp" and "Ballad-Monger" attract immense audiences, and yet the streets are fairly impassable at night with the throng of people who move along at funeral pace. Ambling and shambling and blocking up the thoroughfare before the splendid "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," who for many nights before Jubilee day was attired in royal jewels, the people from the country stand and gape while the Artful Dodgers pick their pockets. Everybody has to walk under ladders, whether it will bring him ill-luck or not; and every other person receives with equanimity the droppings of shavings and paint-pots. The penny merchant stands along the kerb, indifferent to the noses of horses which rest on his shoulders, and to the frantic cries of enraged cabbies, so long as he

can sell you a jubilee decoration. You see many shabby people. Seedy old men and faded old women perambulate the West-end and gaze, lost in admiration, at the club decorations along Pall-Mall. The very poor are out expressing their loyalty, and the meanest London street, along which a parade of troops (not the Queen's procession) is expected spends its pennies—none too plentiful—in little Jacks and tawdry roses, and bits of bunting. There is to me something very touching, not to say pathetic, about this expression of loyalty from poor and dingy Londoners. Their "God Bless Our Queen," "Sons of the Colonies, we are proud of you," written in sloppy letters on a rag of bunting, carry a cordiality and honesty with them which one hardly finds expressed in the more gorgeous mottoes of the wealthy districts. It cost some self-denial to get up even these poor little decorations—therefore are they priceless, as the gifts of the poor always are.

It is a glorious thing, we know, to be a Pirate King, therefore the private

'buses are out in force, and the conductors thereof swoop down upon your sixpence and behold with scorn your coppers. They are raking the big city fore and aft. Occasionally the passengers mutiny and leave the ship in a body, whereupon the disappointed pirate expresses his private emotions in language quite unfitted for the use of schools, and not to be printed in journals for fear of the Young Person. Sharks sail about the London streets, and gobble the colonial and country little fishes. Altogether there is a good deal of wholesale plundering going on.

We spent a moment or two at old St. Stephen's. The House was in jubilee mood, and it was easy to capture your particular member. The place was full of American ladies, who, in splendid apparel, which lighted up the sombre dark-green hue of the House of Commons, were being escorted everywhere by attentive Parliamentary cavaliers. I had a few minutes' chat with T. P. O'Connor, and a glance at the Speaker and a few other Parliamentary notabilities.

There is a tremendous fall in the price of seats. The jubilee syndicate seats people will learn the value of soap-bubbles. Their prices were forbidding, and it is now surmised that sales of seats will never pay for the elaborate stands the syndicate got up. The wise ones wait till the last moment, and then procure places at a trifling cost of twelve shillings or so. Many orders have been cancelled. Two windows in Fleet Street, which at first asked twenty-five pounds a window, and are now willing to let you have them at two guineas each, will give some faint idea of the slump in seats. Meantime the sandwich men go up and down with all sorts of prices printed on their backs, and the street vendors sell everything from jubilee pins to penny matches. The carpenters drop ends of timber and fragments of gas-pipe on the heads of the innocent crowd; little fires start and frizzle up the paper roses and strings of evergreens, and cemeteries are hidden away under loads of finery. Thus

do the dead participate. As for the rest—

We take off our hats to the Queen,
  We take off our hats to the Queen;
We tell naughty tales to the good Prince of
    Wales,
  But—we take off our hats to the Queen.

II.

Jubilee Day

LONDON DECORATIONS.

No city in the world lends itself more readily to decorative art than the old, gray, hoary City of London. The June sunshine which floods the streets on these summer mornings turns the smoke-cloud—which lies always over the vast city—to faint blue tones, misty, cloud-like, unreal. Through this blue haze the ancient, gray, stone houses, the blackened steeples of churches, the domes, the high roofs, loom vaguely. Sometimes they are quite lost in mists, and the steeples are often far up in cloudland; the sky seems to brood low in dim, gray vapours that descend on the high roofs and envelop them softly. Then, as if a radiant hand swept aside this curtain of mist, the old buildings, suddenly irradiated with sunshine, stand forward, exhibiting many a quaint

griffin and gargoyle, and the doves wheel in soft gray circles about St. Paul's, and the Temple, and the British Museum, and sometimes they, too, are lost in the clouds. Looking down the streets one sees the buildings at the far end through these delicate mists, which soften the old dark places, and make London a half-phantom City — a place where poetry lurks as well as romance; a sort of grim old fairyland, peopled by fantastic and weird human types.

Given, then, this City of fog and smoke; these narrow gray streets; these ancient and blackened churches; these tall and aged houses; given these —to say nothing of broader thoroughfares, of glorious green parks, of commonplace shop-lined roads—all decorated with a reticent magnificence, an artistic taste, an admirable harmony, a fine regard for the unities, and you have a picture of splendid colouring, which nothing short of the brush of the greatest painter could present.

I shall begin with the City proper, and try to give a faint idea of the

splendour in which this old, old part of London arrayed herself for the coming of her Queen. Afterwards we shall drift—spasmodically, for I cannot pretend to describe them all—to the decorations of the West-end. The City hoary and old, the City which has seen so many processions—Coronation Processions, Royal Funeral Processions, Processions to the Scaffold and to the Tower—has an interest far and away beyond that which the more modern and youthful part of London commands. It is so old and gray. The houses seem full of grim secrets and grimmer laughter. They have seen so much. So many ants have moved along the ways carrying each one his burden; so many poor little royal human atoms have pranced in gallant array along the narrow streets, atoms long since ground into dust in the great mill of Eternity; so many still poorer human atoms have gone on their hopeless way to destruction and to the river. And the old houses have seen them all. The old houses that

have been bedecked so many times for so many Royal Processions. Bulging forward as though bursting with reminiscences, these ancient dwellings are yet again to be decorated for a Royal Progress.

Beginning, then, at the Griffin, that odd monument which replaces terrible Temple-Bar, let us look down Fleet Street. I wonder what Dr. Johnson would have said had he seen the lamp-posts he so loved to touch on, all clothed with purple and gold, with long loops of greenery festooning them, one with another? Doubtless he would have bellowed, "What's all this, sir? What's all this d—d nonsense, sir?" and have passed, growling, to visit Goldsmith, at No. 6 Wine Office Court, and thence the two friends would have journeyed to the sanded parlour of the Cheshire Cheese, and there surveyed things from the famous window of that ancient tavern. And they would have seen how the telegraph-poles that replace the lamp-posts were turned into square columns, surmounted by tall

tripods, bearing flowers, and how these columns were clothed with purple cloth and twined with gold, each one bearing mouldings and enrichments, and shields and banners, covered with gold leafage. A wreath with the initial "V" appeared in a little panel at the top of each column, and the garlands of green which linked them were each caught up in the middle, and festooned gracefully along the ways. And from where they were looped there hung charming bouquets of purple and yellow flowers, which swayed in the wind, now almost against the old black walls of St. Dunstan's Church; now out towards the centre of the narrow street. Columns bearing relief banners of elephants, through whose trunks the lines of garlands passed, were also placed at intervals. These elephants were decked with gold and purple trappings, and were mounted on bases of Eastern design. The houses were festooned with crimson and purple cloth, shields, crowns —which at night would blaze as with royal jewels—and other charming devices. Thus old Fleet Street, through

whose historical way all the Coronation Processions of ages have passed on their way from the Tower to Westminster; whose straight street witnessed in 1448 the most extraordinary procession of all, that of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, and aunt of Henry VI., walking bareheaded through it to St. Paul's, with a lighted taper in her hand, in penance for having made a wax figure of the young King, and melted it before a slow fire, praying that his life might melt with the wax.

On up Ludgate Hill. Here we have obelisks draped still with royal purple and gold, with embossed devices, and great palms bearing the Queen's monogram. So to St. Paul's, where the vast warehouses in the churchyard have followed the harmonies of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, by draping themselves with the same royal colours Marvellous loopings of purple cloth are outlined in gold, and mixed with these there are lines of shields bearing golden palms, and floral crowns and bouquets, and rich hanging baskets

filled with flowers. Down now to the Mansion House, the Bank and all the rich heart of the world's greatest city. Evergreens festooned with blue-embroidered draperies almost hide the great house of London's Lord Mayor. Around its immense columns garlands twined, and the Royal Crown was outlined upon these splendid hangings. Facing the Mansion House stands the Equitable Life office, gaily picked out with light and dark blue. Over the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street there was erected a great allegorical painting by Legros, symbolizing Great Britain, Labour and Commerce, and all about the gray old buildings looked almost grotesque, arrayed with this splendid flaunting of flags, draperies, flowers, shields and crowns. Everywhere "V. R." met the eye, and half hidden among the gorgeous hangings one could detect the dull-coloured bulbs, which at night would flash forth in golden, crimson and green ropes of light, that would transfigure this ancient city, and make of her for the moment a city fit for the gods.

Down Cheapside and the Poultry, Venetian masts, painted dark blue and supporting small shields, golden crowns, and royal quarterings, line the road. Further on lines of little flags flutter in festoons between the richly-draped telegraph poles. The great railway bridge by St. Saviour's Church, crossing to the Borough, was roofed with cloth of purple and gold; the letters V. I. R. were supported in the middle of it by natural palm fronds, while festoons of flowers hung from gilded laurel wreaths. In the Borough, you came again on Venetian masts draped with crimson and yellow, with garlands stretched between and fastened with purple and gold sashes. At old St. George's (Little Dorrit's church), Southwark, sweeping garlands were stretched on wires across the road. Large gilt eagles, with wings outstretched, brooded above the roadway, sustained there by invisible wires, and ropes of greenery trailed off in charming curves over the nearest house-tops. Again came decorated masts—how Bri-

tain rejoices in her navy—and streamers, and ropes of flowers topped by standards upon which little gilded lions "ramped." Further along the famous cricket-bat makers, Messrs. Lillywhite & Frowd, had a big sign out congratulating the Queen on her record innings, "60 and not out." Along the quaint old Borough, crystal Prince of Wales Feathers replaced the lamps. And now imagine for yourselves the streets arrayed thus, the gray houses glorious with colour, yet preserving their reticent, grave, serious individuality, as though saying, "Yes, you may deck us with gewgaws; you may festoon us with drapings and flowers in honour of our beloved Queen, but we will not permit you to infringe upon our respectability, nor our solidity, of which we beg to inform her Majesty." But the gay little flags brushed across the brows of those grim old houses, and the flower-baskets beat softly against the gray walls, and the great ropes and evergreens, lifting on the wind, tried to crown their stony heads with wreaths

of laurel, and down below the crowd murmured and cheered, and flung abroad its laughter.

Ho! for London Bridge! the Queen never crossed it until Jubilee Day. She went under it in the Royal barge with her prince-husband that day long ago, when they went to inspect the Thames tunnel. But not until she had reigned for sixty years did her Majesty cross it. The Mayor and Corporation did nobly. The crimson gates were thrown wide, and a great arch built on royal-crowned poles, gay with gold and violet garlands, floral shields bearing the dates 1837-1897, and a royal crown in flowers of yellow, scarlet and white spanned the centre of the bridge. Long, white masts stretched away, and from them the flags flung out over the great river. Opal globes, ready for illuminating the bridge at night, clustered above the gas standards. The craft in the river were gloriously dressed in the gayest colours, and the view of the Thames on either side of the immense bridge was enchanting in colour and harmony. Far

off, the Monument, with its long lines of bunting curving down from the high gallery, brings this marvellous scene to a climax. There is no expression in mere language for the splendour of the decorations. They tire the senses. It is too much.

Away, for a moment, to some parts of the West-end of London. The clubs, St. James, Piccadilly, and the Strand—verging as it does citywards—demand attention. Where shall I begin? One grows confused, dazed with all this magnificence. In Piccadilly, from Hyde Park corner to the top of St. James Street, the decorations almost baffle description. Venetian masts, hung with evergreens, flowers, electric light bulbs, ran along either side. Crimson cloth, picked with gold, almost clothed the houses. Lord Rothschild's house, at Hyde Park corner, was simply studded with flags, red, white and blue. The courtyard seats were canopied with red striped canvas, festooned with pink and white flowers, which ran along between tall poles clothed in white and red. The

Junior Constitutional Club was also festooned with gay little flags, and the balconies were draped with cloth of light blue, red and white. From Apsley House (the Duke of Wellington's mansion) many flags floated, the Royal Standard, the Jack, the Spanish, Portuguese and Belgian flags. A flag-framed picture of the Queen shone from the face of the house. Crimson and gold enwrapped the Junior Athenæum Club, and with the Burdett-Coutts house, the decorations reached a climax of loveliness. Imagine the whole side of a building decorated with drapery, simulating leaves, and over these hangings of crimson and mauve velvet edged with gold, the whole topped by a great crown! It was a splendid sight! One of the most marvellous in London.

But when you turned into St. James' street you almost cried out, for it was walking into fairyland! All across the road hung garlands of greenery. These formed great St. Andrew crosses, and from these and the straighter garlanded lines depended huge baskets of flowers.

Other ropes of feathery fronds were festooned and looped from the crosses; while birds, with outstretched wings, were invisibly wired so as to sway in and out among the greenery and flower baskets. Fifty tall white masts lined the street, and these were linked and crossed with garlands of British oak, crowns, and wreaths, and ropes of roses. Upon these crept lines of electric bulbs, ready for lighting when the darkness fell. The houses, heavy with crimson cloth, with purple and gold, and paler drapings of pink and silver and delicate mauve, were softened by the swaying green roof that shaded all the street. One walked in a lovely arbour, seeing a vista of tender blue mist, which served as a delicate veil to all this beauty. Below, at the foot of the street, the stern gray old palace, unadorned, laden with history, heavy with the secrets of ages, seemed to view with sad eyes this resplendent roadway, this shimmering green-roofed street, the most fitting highway for royalty to travel that has ever been seen before in London. The

contrast of all this fairy-like beauty, this splendour, with the old brick gateway and grim walls of St. James' Palace, struck one with a shock. The mind leaped to history. There was something sardonic in the appearance—amidst all this exquisite frivolity—of this old fortress, with the Anna Boleyn love-knots on the side-doors of its heavy gateway, with the memories of Charles I. about its ancient rooms, with the echoings of the marriage rites of Mary and William of Orange whispering through the dim corridors; this palace where Kings and their mistresses lived; where Queens died and Princes were born. We could no longer view further decorations. We came to a dead stop here by the old palace. London seemed to end before these gaunt, gray walls, pierced with the narrow, peering windows that had seen so much. One realized at this full moment that despite her frivolities, her gay trappings, her make-believe joyousness, London, hoary, sad, very old, faced you, uncompromising, stern, a warrior always, a great creature,

whose hand was the mailed hand of Britain, one that gripped the edges of the world.

And all other things grew, in the moment, small.

III.

The Via Triumphalis

If the good people of London Town and its vicinity slept at all the night before Jubilee day, they must have done it in short snatches taken mostly in the streets. All night long London—always restless—hummed and thrilled with sound. Hammers knocking dismally woke one up suddenly, and for a moment one lay trembling there in the darkness, thinking of coffins and scaffolds, and other gruesome things. Bands of singers went by, shouting lustily brave songs of war and loyalty. Now and again a woman's shriek broke across the other noises of the night, and climbed the air with a note of murder in its tones. Now came a lusty shout of "Stop Thief!" and feet scampered down the streets and were lost in the dingy courts abutting on the Embankment. Occasionally the sharp wail of some

outcast child sent its whimper straight to your heart, and thoughts of houseless and homeless children disturbed you from semi-consciousness. A street brawl drowned the hopeless little cry, and shrill whistlings pierced clear and high above all other sounds. But the dull humming of the city went on through the night like the low growling of some threatening beast, and always the hammers knocked and the saws bit their way through the planks, and the night cabs crawled by the kerb, and the strange human night-hawks of London flitted through the great city. Nor, when towards dawn, these sounds and sights, gathered through the chinks of blinds, ceased, and a dull drowsiness fell upon one, was sleep permissible. Five and six o'clock saw everyone up on Jubilee morning, and in the hotels richly-dressed women, unused to such intemperate risings, made eager demands for tea and toast, while outside, the early coffee-shops were already doing a roaring business.

A gray day, full of vaporous mists,

without one gleam of sun. A gloomy, heavy, dull dawning. "Queen's weather," quoth we, looking out of the window at the old houses lost in the heavy smoke clouds. "Queen's weather is not for her Most Gracious and Most Good on this gay Jubilee Day." Far below a drunken drab was screeching "God Save the Queen" in a cracked and reamed voice. As she crawled along by the wall, her bonnet, loosened by much battering, fell away, and one could see her white head with ragged hair straggling over her awful face. A woman, old, but perhaps younger than the Queen—a woman as the Queen is a woman, but what a contrast to the Great Old Lady, who presently, surrounded by her glittering court, would "ride thro' London Town" to see her subjects, and receive their blessings and congratulations.

"Send Her vic-to-ri-ous,
Hap-py and glo-rious,
Long to-o re-ign over us,
Go-o-d bless the Queen."

Up rang the words from the withered lips of the poor old creature. What

faint glimmerings of loyalty were stirring in that miserable breast, who could tell? An angle of wall soon hid her, but for a moment longer the shrilling could be heard. Then the poor sound melted into the clangour of London and was lost in it.

Down the Strand a stream of people poured. Some with tickets in their hands looking for the numbers of their boxes and their seats. At the last moment the prices of seats went up again, and two and three guineas for a back seat was the order of the minute. This included a luncheon with champagne—but may Heaven protect whoever had the temerity to quaff that sour cider! Cabs fled along the streets, conveying early "fares" to their destination, and the people who had no seats began to line up on either side. Vehicular traffic was to be stopped at an early hour, so by eight o'clock, or a little after it, most people were in their places. We had secured splendid seats in the old Strand, where the street was narrowest and the houses grayest. We chose them

here rather than in broader thoroughfares, because we wanted the mists of history and romance to fall upon us; we liked to think of all the Coronation Processions that had passed this way through the ages, and we liked to be able to peer out at the Griffin, and think of old Temple-Bar, with its dreadful spikes, whereon, in the savage old days, the heads of traitors grinned and withered. So, the imagination being satisfied, we settled in our places, and dipped a little back into history, and were quite ready to see Queen Elizabeth riding on her palfrey to the Tower, surrounded by her lords of Raleigh and Essex, and others of her great court.

Slowly the veil of the sky lifted, and faint glimmerings of sunshine shot through the chinks of Heaven, and shimmered for a moment on the tall roofs opposite.

"Queen's weather after all," we said, happily. A little south-west wind came out to flirt with the flags and whirl down the narrow street. It eddied in among the garlands, and waltzed with the

flower-baskets, and set the great Jacks that crowned the columns waving with dignified motion; it beat up against the boxes—as I call the boarded-up shop-fronts, behind which seats were built—and sent a cool wave through these hot little corners, which was a Godsend, for it was evident a stifling day was about to descend upon London, since now the sun flared boldly down, determined to to do his best to show off the gold lace, the shining brasses, the glittering helmets, the jewelled turbans, the gemmed collars of the great military and courtly pageant which would presently wind its way along the streets of old London.

There was not a moment's boredness during the long wait. What with the pretty ladies, who, in gorgeous raiment and matinee hats—so underbred and selfish of them!—began to fill the boxes and window seats; what with the shifting crowds on the streets; the country cousins, fresh and rosy, up from the pleasant lanes of Surrey and Kent; the tough denizens of Whitechapel, here in scores; the begrimed

and horny-handed, with their "old gals"; the young coster, with his dona; the old coster, with his Dutch, and all with their bottles and their sandwiches—there was no time to be dull. A good-humoured crowd, too, joking with "Mr. P'liceman," and cheering everyone, from a belated American boy in Eton dress to the sandcarts which came to lay down the sand which is always used on a royal route. The Cockney, with his bewildering accent, joked with his mate, asking her "W'y she 'adn't perwided 'erself with a seat in a wan?" Whereat she, indignant, said, "as she wasn't goin' to pay for seats in no wan wile she 'ad two as good legs as there was in all Hingland to stand upon."

Cheers!—for the ambulance corps swinging along with their litters, which they laid down along the edge of the kerb at intervals. Cheers!—for the Rifles, who marched briskly, and, dividing, edged off the patient crowd. Cheers for the police, who lined up at wide spaces behind the military. Cheers

for Papa, Mamma and Baby, who arrived late, and scuttled down between the lines of people, hunting vaguely for their seats. Cheers for a jaunty messenger-boy, who trooped along with big steps, his cap set on the extremest edge of his ear. Cheers for an empty carriage, which bowled along at a smart pace, to which the little footman responded, waving his hat and bowing condescendingly, whereat the crowd roared him another.

Suddenly, so suddenly, that a silence fell upon the crowd, and people sat erect in their seats, the sounds of bugling cut sharply across the air. Far-off, the thud of drums. Nearer and nearer, till the roll grew distinct, and "Rule Britannia" swept merrily down the street. Then a long, loud, deep cheer—that sounded almost like a wail, beginning on a high note and swelling down into a roar—for here are the blue-jackets marching eight abreast, their Lee-Metford rifles at their sides, their sailor hats cocked high behind, and their sailor collars spread upon their

goodly shoulders. Smart little beggars! On they march as only bluejackets can march, while round them roar the cheers of the people. The celluloid lamp-balls of rose and green, that, at intervals, spanned the Strand, trembled with the vibrations of those great British hurrahs. On marched the boys, then came a lull. We had tasted the first moment of excitement, and were ready for anything. "The Colonials are coming! The Colonials!" The cry raced down the ranks of the people, and leaning out we caught sight of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and behind him the Canadian Cavalry and Mounted Police. "God bless you, Lord 'Bobs'!" roared the people as splendid Roberts rode by. Then gloves off in a moment, and wild clapping and cheering, as our own boys passed. "Splendid fellows!" "Rummy beggars, these Canadians!" By Jove, those fellows look fit!" from the people behind. They did look well. But when the royal carriage containing Mr. and Madame Laurier passed, the cheers increased a thousand-fold. Our

Premier certainly looked in splendid form as he bowed from side to side with courtly grace. He is by long odds the best-looking and the youngest of all the Colonial Premiers, and his fine manners and happy speeches have made him a favourite over here. He received a perfect ovation, and we cheered for the honour of Canada until our voices failed us. Madame Laurier, dressed in soft gray, touched with mauve, sat beside her husband very quietly. She bowed slightly, as the carriage, surrounded by Canadians, swept along the route.

Then came the Premiers of New South Wales, Victoria, New Zealand, Queensland, Cape Colony, Newfoundland, Tasmania, Western Australia and Natal, escorted by their troops. Wild cheering greeted the bronzed Australians and New Zealanders, while the men on foot, the Houssas, the Sikhs—who marched splendidly—the Canadian Volunteers, all came in for an enthusiastic reception. The Chinamen, the Dyaks, and the Black troops were gallantly cheered. Then the Colonials passed on their way

to St. Paul's, and the magnificent Procession of British troops began.

One after another the splendid fellows with helmets, cuirasses, and appointments glittering in the sun, rode by, until such an excitement of pride and loyalty and love fell upon the crowd, that it fairly went wild. Yet there was no pushing, no disturbance, no interference necessary on the part of the police or soldiers. The people went out to see their Queen and their troops, to help, not to hinder, the Royal progress, and a happier or gentler crowd I have never seen. On came Capt. Ames, of the 2nd Life Guards, the biggest man in the British army. He had a line of procession all to himself, and he filled it. Then the bluejackets again with their naval guns, and presently the fine band of the 1st Life Guards, with a gorgeous drummer on horseback, filed by. The music beat against the tall gray houses, up to the roofs and down again, and the old buildings reverberated with sound, and gave back hollow mutterings. The drummer, sitting well back on his

charger, and guiding it with his feet, beat gallant tattoos on his steel-cased drums, which hung astraddle the horse's shoulders. The narrow street echoed and re-echoed, and again the voice of the people, mighty, deep, sonorous, filled the air with sound. Then came the magnificent Life Guards, their cuirasses glittering, the tall white plumes on their helmets waving in unison, so perfect was the marching of their horses. Here was the "jingle-te-jing" of Kipling's verse. Here was the hollow tramp of hoofs, here the clank of steel and the gorgeous trappings, and all the glory of military movement. Kipling, Kipling! One felt like shouting the man's name, and calling for three cheers for him. His verse kept time to every movement of the troops. The Royal Horse Artillery, all in yellow braid, the officers a mass of gold lace, with Persian lamb saddle cloths, came next, and one heard the peculiar rattle of the gun carriages, as, drawn by six great horses, they clanked past. More Guards and Dragoons, with Royal

Horse sandwiched between. Bands headed each squadron, and glorious drum majors twirled their glittering batons in a splendid, yet dignified manner. The Hussars succeeded the Dragoons, then came the 12th Lancers and the beloved 17th. How we cheered! Officers, with their magnificent accoutrements and leopard-skin saddle-cloths, other officers with scarlet saddle-cloths, worked with heavy gold monograms; others again all a-glitter with medals and lace and flowing plumes. It was the greatest military sight of one's life. Between these detachments of mounted troops squadrons marched. The living story of British arms, British pluck and fight was passing before us. The most stolid were moved. Every gallant instinct awoke in the breast of man and woman. A great pride that one belonged to such a nation stirred the deepest centres of one's soul. Sentiment mingled largely with this glorious feeling of joy and pride and love of fight, and there were eyes which were not dry. The sight of the Colonials moved the

people most deeply. To see these bronzed and black faces, these gallant, well set-up, handsome Canadian boys, and know that they served under the same old flag, that they were one race with those of the British Isles; that they had come from far places to honour the same Queen so adored by this London populace; and, above all, that they told, as nothing else could tell at the moment—the might and strength of the great British Empire—visibly affected the people of England. A frenzy of enthusiasm took them. The roars of applause shook old London.

Slowly the great procession moved along its way. The Scots Greys—oh, the splendid fellows!—came riding up five abreast. The marching was phenomenal. The gray horses, their little ears pointed, stepped together as soldiers' horses ought to do, and the tall riders, one mass of sheen and glitter, rode in stately fashion. The Inniskillings, with splendid record written in gold upon their banner, brought a storm of applause, but when the High-

landers passed, their pipes skirling gaily, piercing through all other noises, the British hurrah that greeted them was something to remember.

Far down the street, but within sight, the Griffin, decorated gaily, stood at the City entrance. Behind it the Lord Mayor's horse waited, and at the door of Child's Bank—that famous old corner—the Lord Mayor himself was in attendance to escort the Queen to the City. The Lord Mayor of London, in his official robes, is always the people's delight. He is so gorgeous, so grotesque, so divinely disguised out of all semblance of himself! Here he was, clothed in a great robe of deepest purple that flowed about his ample form; his head entombed in a vast black cap, covered with feathers, his ermine cloak upon his shoulders, and across his breast his gorgeous chain and badges. Under his loose robes you could see, if you looked sharply, a very neat pair of riding boots, and a smart red uniform. The City sword, in its ivory scabbard, with its hilt of gold, and the great mace of the town, glim-

mered near by. So the Mayor waited for the Queen.

And now the aspect of the procession changes somewhat. Suites, Equerries and Gentlemen in Attendance ride by, three abreast. The Corean suite, in richest raiment, pass like a flash. Foreign, naval and military attaches succeed them. Then a radiant medley of Princes, Dukes, Serene Highnesses, Foreign Potentates and splendidly-attired Indian Princes, whose turbans and rich mantles blazed with jewels, riding on great chargers. A space—and now the carriages. The foreign ministers occupy the first five; in the fourth sits the Papal Nuncio and the representative of the Emperor of China, who carried a fan; then comes the sixth, containing the Princess of Wales' Lady-in-Waiting and three Chamberlains; the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain, with the Mistress-of-the-Robes to the Empress Frederick, and the Dowager Lady Churchill, occupy the seventh carriage; Royal Highnesses and Princes with impossible names and titles pass in the

eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh vehicles, and in the twelfth we find the Duchess of Teck, "Princess May's" mother; little Princess Charles of Denmark — our "Princess Maud"— sits in the same carriage, and in the one following sits the Duchess of York, "Princess May" herself. Royal Duchesses follow, and in the sixteenth carriage we see Princess Louise, the Empress Frederick of Germany, and the Duke of Edinburgh. Princess Beatrice of Battenberg sat in the preceding carriage, with the Duchess of Edinburgh. A number of Equerries close up about the sixteenth carriage. Then follows a Colonial escort. And now the most brilliant crowd of Royal Princes and representatives ride in threes immediately before the Queen's carriage. Russian, Prussian, Prince Amir Khan of Persia, Prince Ali Pacha of Egypt, Sir Pertab Singh, Prince Mahit of Siam, all flash past, one blaze of jewels, of golden sword-hilts, of flowing silken mantles. They look like a cloud of marvellous birds or butterflies, for they are rid-

ing more swiftly now. Next comes the escort of Indian cavalry, splendid men, riding straight and swift. And now, alone, rides Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. A wild cheer for the Irishman, and then great silence fell for a moment, as the first pair of cream horses showed their noses down the street. The Queen was coming! Slowly the carriage containing her Majesty drew into full sight. The eight cream-coloured horses were heavily caparisoned in crimson trappings wrought in gold. They were completely hidden under these gorgeous crimson coats and headstalls, through which their eyes peered curiously. They were the quaintest little horses, with red-tasselled manes and gold-plated and Morocco harness. The postilions in gold-embroidered red coats and velvet hunting caps, with the running footmen at their side, gave glorious notes of colour to this splendid State equipage. The scarlet hammer cloth, all woven with gold, and the gorgeous coachman in white wig, red coat,

and heliotrope silk stockings, held the eye for a moment, and then we saw the face of the Queen, and everything else vanished.

The carriage moved very slowly, and there was ample time to study, even minutely, the occupants. The Queen sat alone, facing the horses. Opposite to her sat the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian. Her Majesty carried a small sunshade. The other ladies did not, but most unselfishly faced the brilliant sunlight, so that the people might have a full view of the great and good woman who so long has reigned over them. The Queen was dressed in black silk embroidered with silver. Her black lace bonnet was trimmed with a wreath of white acacia, among which diamonds glittered. There was a touch of sadness in her Majesty's benignant face She is far and away handsomer than any late picture that I have seen represents her. She seemed deeply touched by the loyalty—the adoration I might well say—of her people. She

looked like one who was living for the moment in the past. A grave, somewhat serious face—one seamed by grief and pain, and yet full of benevolence, of dignity, of sympathy. This woman, sitting in the open carriage, within hand-reach of her people, surrounded by no guard, knowing well that she needed no "protection" from the crowd that adored her, expressed in all her attitude that of mother, more than anything else. Right and left she bowed, smiling very little, and bowing oftenest to the poorer people on the edge of the pavement. This I noticed quite plainly. Her Majesty had expressly stated her wish that her poorer subjects might have the chance to see her, and she singled them out for many a gracious bow and slow smile. Her face, very pale, bore upon it a look of earnest attention. Her sunshade thrown back, and a slight delay at the moment, permitted an attentive study of her features, and there shone there the expression of one whose soul was stirring with deep thoughts. Suddenly the

immense mass of people began to chant the National Anthem. It was a mighty moment. Emotion, held down so tightly by the English people, broke its bounds, and out poured the great torrent of a people's love. It might be the Queen's last public procession, and perhaps that thought came to her. For a moment her head bent slightly, and the hand that held the sunshade wavered. Then that wise, gentle, benignant face turned once more to the people, and the cheers that broke in a storm from British throats was the greatest sound I ever heard in my life.

The Princess of Wales looked like a slender, graceful, young girl. Her face, too, was very pale, and her deep eyes that have known many tears—as the eyes of all women know—looked out calmly over that immense concourse. Her figure, lithe, exquisitely poised, was very erect, and though all life's story spoke upon her face, time or grief have not robbed it of one youthful contour. It is impossible—looking at her—to believe in her birth-year. Some

monstrous mistake must have been made. And yet—those dark eyes, those delicately-curved lips—all the expression of the beautiful face reveal a sadness that is only to be found on the faces of those who have lived long enough to suffer. Slowly the royal carriage moved on. There was no time to look at the Prince of Wales, who was riding beside his Royal Mother. The faces of two women filled all the world for the moment. We sat very still and silent after the passing of the Queen. The world seemed suddenly to have grown chill.

Intermezzo

THE ROYAL DRESSES.

There were only a few minutes in which to study the elaborate gowns worn by the royal women, but a powerful glass, and, I suppose, the fine training to which journalists come in the exercise of an arduous profession, helped one very largely. The eye, trained to observation, transmits its pictures to the mind with the utmost accuracy and rapidity, and there they remain fixed—without help of note or scrawl—until the moment arrives for setting them down upon paper. A woman's eye, too, is quick to detect the chiffons and millinery of another woman, and where a man might halt over the delicate and perplexing intricacies of feminine attire, the woman writes firmly on, not to be daunted by the most impossible French-named fabrics or gossamers.

Her Majesty the Queen wore a gown of brocaded silk, black in colour, and embroidered in jet and silver (or steel). Her cape was of chiffon over silk, studded with points of steel, jet, and silver. Her bonnet was a lace creation, garlanded with white, through which diamonds and jet glimmered. Steel paillettes shimmered among the laces. Her veil was of thin white net, and her sunshade was a trifle of white silk, untrimmed and very simple, with a white enamel handle.

The Princess of Wales wore a delicate-hued gown of pale orchid mauve satin, veiled with white net, and flecked with silver points. The effect was radiant as the sun struck full upon these gleaming silver specks, shrouded with filmy lace. The bodice of mauve satin was also hidden with white lace, while the high collar was one mass of soft white fluff, amid which diamonds glimmered. Her Royal Highness wore one of those tiny bonnets for which she is famous—a little creation of mauve satin and lisse, silver and diamonds. Her deli-

cate pale face rose like a flower from its cloud of star-decked chiffon.

Princess Beatrice was all in white, without a speck of colour. A white silk gown, bonnet of white crepe, and fluffy white parasol completed her costume.

The Duchess of York—who received a special ovation from the crowd—wore a pale pink silk underdress, over which fell a simple overdress of cream silk muslin. Her toque was a mass of palest pink roses. She looked exceedingly handsome and fresh.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) was in ivory-white brocade, festooned with white wreaths. The bodice was veiled with sun-pleated white chiffon. Her bonnet was a delicate trifle of chiffon and mauve, with shaded flowers.

Princess Charles of Denmark (Princess Maud of Wales) wore a dress of rose-petal pink satin, veiled with rose-silk muslin. Bruges lace covered each seam. A bolero of pink muslin edged with lace showed a front of white chiffon. A fancy silk sash in three

shades of pink was folded softly about her waist. A diamond buckle shone among these rose and white chiffon clouds. Her toque was a tiny thing of cream-coloured chiffon and pink plumes. Her sunshade, of pink muslin over satin, matched her lovely dress, and her sweet little face shone out from these cloudlike folds like the face of an English rose. This is all the little history I can give you of the gowns I saw worn by the Royal Ladies—a scanty one indeed!

IV.

The Lights o' London

London by night is a sight for the gods. Above, the great smoke-pall that lies ever over the city, is reddened by a dull red glare as though, once more, a giant fire had broken loose and was roaring through the streets. Not one solitary vehicle was permitted through the streets on Jubilee night, for eight and a half millions of people were pouring through wide and narrow thoroughfares like a vast human river. London was one brilliant blaze of light, from "Shepherd's-bush to Shadwell, from death-clad Hampstead to the Crystal Palace." The wonder of the world is this hoary old city, crowned in her glorious age with such crown of light as never illuminated the path of any Sovereign of Britain from Great William downwards. Awe beats down admira-

tion at the phenomenal sight. Fire seems to run with the people along the ways, and all that the Science, Art and inventions of the Victorian era can accomplish in the way of illuminations is being exploited at the moment of writing in the metropolis of the world. The stars pale, and the sky—so clear and brilliant when you move out of London these exquisite June nights—is, within a mile's radius of the city, one vast glowing dome, draped in rosy mists, bending to meet the fire-god who, for the moment, owns the vast town.

Poor, puny little fire-scene in "Die Walkure!" How small the stage-trick is compared with this fiery display of a rejoicing city. There has never yet shone upon London a day so bright as are these brilliant nights. All the houses are bejewelled, for the lights are coloured to represent emeralds, glowing rubies, dull-blue turquoises, amber, rose-coral, and steel-white diamonds. Amethyst lamps give an opalesque effect, fairy-like, tender. Great shields seem filled with living fire, and rivers

of light run round the windows, and play—in fountains—on the tops of gaunt, gray buildings. We set out Jubilee night, on our long walk from the Embankment (Charing Cross), to the Monument. I will try to give you a faint picture of the appearance of the streets on our progress.

We walked straight along the Strand and into the City of London. The Strand is arched at markedly short intervals by straight archings of light. Rose-pink celluloid lamps hang invisibly, as though leaning from the sky, across the street, and from these depend grape-like bunches of green lights which sway softly in the night-wind. The sky reflects in tender rosy tones these exquisite illuminations, while from the face of the houses on either side, illuminated crowns, shields, and flaring gas torches flash out, until the night becomes a thousand times brighter than any day.

At the top of the Illustrated London News office there is a glowing little Windsor Castle, with real water flowing

and a girl in a canoe paddling happily. Fiery roses are banked along the front. The theatres glow with crowns and ropes of light. Romano's Restaurant is brilliant with arches of light, and Simpson's is a glory of living fire. The New Law Courts stand massive and sombre, looking with grave and judicial eye at the frivolities of the Strand and old Fleet Street. What would Dr. Johnson say if he saw his beloved old thoroughfare arraying itself in crowns and gewgaws of shivering lights? Queen Bess herself would have stopped her royal progress to stand and look upon this hoary old Bacchus of a street disporting itself in a glory of light on Jubilee night.

Ludgate-Hill, with all Benson's windows outlined in green and ruby, and on, steadily moving with the human Niagara-river, caught in its eddies and not daring to halt or turn aside, on to old St. Paul's. As long as I live I shall never forget the appearance of this marvellous building. All its base was sunk in blackness. Round about, the church-

yard was on fire with ropes and shields of light, but it seemed as if they could not throw themselves against these grim black walls; as if they could not light up this huge structure, which seemed to emit darkness. Yet, far above, looking in the white light like a snow-cap, the great dome shone luminously. Like a vision, mystic, wonderful, suggesting Martin's picture of the New Jerusalem, this white dome, with the golden ball and cross leaning far up into the blackness, topped all the meaner lights of the Great City. It looked weird, uncanny, not of this world. The surging crowd halted before this mystery of palpable blackness, crowned with virgin light, and then with a cheer moved on. This illumination of the dome came not from within, but from seventy great search-lights, which were placed at a dozen different points on dark roofs. You could see this white mass with its glittering cross and ball from the farthest points of London. It looked as though a solemn snow-capped mountain rose from the

very heart of the city. Sometimes the white light changed, and soft hues of rose and green and faint purple chased each other like clouds over the dome and cross. If I could bring before you the subtle artistic effect of this silver ball rising, with Christ's radiant emblem upon it, up out of the black trunk of the vast building, as a Phœnix might rise, while all around in a circle went the running gas lights in loops, shields and ropes of what looked like living fire, and withal, the endless immense stream of human beings that flowed about the old pile, if I could give you this as I saw it, I would be painting for you a picture you would never forget. But it is useless. Poor language and a poorer pencil fail to give more than a skeleton sketch of this tender and moving picture.

We moved onward with the surge towards the Mansion House. The grains of sand upon the road glittered like pinpoints under the fierce light. Men and women looked pallid. The heat was intense, and clouds of dust moved continu-

ally, stirred by the tramping feet. Now and again great cheers broke, and "God Save the Queen" rose in a mighty refrain from a million throats. Women forgot to be tired. Even babies woke up and were silent. The narrow streets of the city—the aged, black, important business houses; such places as Lloyd's and the Exchange, and certain portentous life assurance and brokers' offices, all went heart and soul into the fun. To see them, their affairs laid aside, and out like old boys, making a night of it, with their old business heads crowned with lighted laurels, and their Dombey-like countenances wreathed with lighted smiles, was to see a great sight. They winked again when Solemn Time called gravely from some steeple far up in the clouds, and if the old fellows were capable of a filip, they would have snapped their fingers in his weather-beaten old face, and told him they didn't give that for him; so they didn't, or for half a score of his fellows, all calling out "Time" at the same moment. As for the Mansion House, it was disgracefully

frivolous, with its 5,000 variegated lamps, and its big pillars, twined with lighted ivy, and its twelve immense Roman flambeaux flaring up into the sky, and daring the sun, moon and stars to come out and beat that if they could. Which, of course, they couldn't.

Nothing, however, could be more girlishly girly than the conduct of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. To see a venerable female, whom one has always respected, come out in a low-cut gown and diamond necklace is a shock to the feelings, but when it comes to an old, old lady, whose stability, financial standing, and undoubted respectability have been the talk of the world, when it comes to her coming out with all her diamonds and rubies hung about her old neck, and strange and startling fiery horns standing up behind her old ears, one's feelings become shocked almost beyond expression. Here she is, however, footing it with the nimblest of the old business gentlemen about her. All across the front of this wonderful old lady's bodice—if I may so term her

stony bosom — there hang ropes of white diamond-light, festooned with rubies, which in turn are fastened with bows of light. She pays her homage to Victoria by the line in amber lights taken from Tennyson's "Ode to the Queen":—

"She wrought her people lasting good."

Far up, in a white light, sits Britannia among her horses, flanked by fair cherubs bearing lighted shields, upon which the figures 1837-1897 glow. Along the parapet—or to follow up one's fancy—in the Old Lady's hair, are four "glory" stars, with crystal and amber points, and at each corner great naked lights flare up, mocking the black heavens. Thus looked the Bank of England.

All around the large buildings blazed with lights. Curious devices, mouldings, shields and hatchments were illuminated with tiny gas jets, which, as the winds swept them, presented the curiously effective appearance of masses of twinkling stars being shadowed by

racing clouds, and then twinkling out again with rarer brilliancy. The Royal Exchange became a fairy-like building, framed with gas stars. Amber lights snaked about its columns, like big serpents, and white crowns of light glittered on front and sides of the building. Near-by, in one of those quaint little courts or squares, of which there are so many in the very heart of London, dusty, little, railed-about places, forgotten or overlooked by builders, there sat a statue in a stone chair. The lights beyond it showed the stone figure clearly. It was in deepest, blackest shadow. The contrast between this silent, impassive, grim figure, stooping forward there as though to peer in wonder at the extraordinary frivolity of the steady old city, with the moving river of humanity, that surged and heaved about it; with all this clamour of cheering and wild singing; with all this resplendent and almost too magnificent illumination—was as sharp and biting a contrast as ever presented itself. So vivid was it in its suggestion of Death, of the passing

away of all these people, these lights, this laughter and song, while the old houses, and the grim figure would remain, that a sudden chill seized the mind, and an immense reaction, born of fatigue, excitement, and emotion, too large for expression, took possession of one as we turned down King William Street towards the Monument.

It was quieter here, though always the crowds moved up and down in orderly procession. King William was set about with little oil-lamps, depending from the memorial and draped four-corner masts. Far-off we saw the Monument—memorial of a great fire—yet crowned with fire itself. From its top long ropes of light hung, and curved away in the darkness, doubtless to near house-tops. The ancient column was crowned with coloured lights, provided with special wind-tops. Close under it four men, seated on barrels, were singing, or chanting rather, in wailing tones, loyal ditties. They were taking their pleasure sadly. The odours of Billingsgate rose heavily. All about

the base of the Monument was plunged in profound darkness.

* * *

The West-end presented a sight the like of which, they say, was never before seen even in London. The people stood in ecstasy before the brilliant spectacle of St. James' Street under fire. Although the wreaths that crossed and re-crossed it were not lighted by the lamps that intermingled with them, it having been declared dangerous, still the houses on either side displayed such splendid illuminations, that, if possible, the street looked even more fairy-like than it would had it all been set alight. For, the myriad-coloured lamps on the houses sent soft glimmerings through the green roof. And the doves fastened above by invisible wires seemed to brood over those lines of fire, which were reflected on their white wings. People grew silent after the first cheer of admiration, the crowd only murmuring as it pressed on under the swaying garlands. It was difficult to imagine oneself in London. Here was the Dev-

onshire Club, with its enormous lighted medallion, above which "Revered," "Beloved," shone out in blazing letters. The New University Club showed an illuminated crown, surrounded by large, green Scotch thistles. Outside Boodle's a crystal star flashed, and the Royal Society's Club showed a charming device of primroses and violets, which spelled "Vivat Regina," in yellow and purple lamps upon a mossy background. The great West-end shops were splendidly illuminated. Peter Robinson was gay in ruby, blue, and white, and Jay, and Dickins & Jones were brave in electrical devices. Liberty's was one blaze of pictorial panorama, and crowds collected before Swears and Wells' to watch the charming kaleidoscopic effects of a crystal moving gas arrangement. The Pantheon was one mass of red fire. Misty crimson clouds enveloped it, and looking aloft one beheld the very sky aflame with fiery light. The big hotels shimmered with fairy lamps. The Grand was outlined in crimson lights, which ran around each storey,

accentuating the darkness of the building, while making it a most impressive sight. The red lights looked like the eyes of demons glaring out upon London, while the immense Roman fambeaux that flared up in couples at intervals along the roof resembled great horns of light bending and twisting with every mood of the wind. Everywhere you turned you met blinding flashes of light. Looking back from your 'bus-top, the Strand seemed a street on fire with pale rose lamps, which threw up rosy clouds that rested on the roof-tops. The Empire was one mass of green, red and mauve lamps, the latter giving an exquisite, opalesque delicacy to the immense wheels and crowns of amber and crimson. Through the hanging baskets, filled with flowers, tiny lamps shone like glow-worms. Down by Westminster, one splendid illumination showed a Royal Crown resting on a crimson cushion of light, with all about it waving festoons and drapings, and illuminated flags. The eye, grown weary with this excess of

sparkling light, turned with delight to gaze a moment on the great gray pile of quiet Westminster, with its one huge tower-light above Big Ben. That watchful eye of light brooded above London and seemed to look down suspiciously at this incontinent display of lower and lesser lights. Indeed, in a fanciful moment, we thought we saw it cock a jealous eye at the Royal Crown that shimmered in half a score of colours far below, but even as we looked, Big Ben boomed twelve solemn strokes, and out went the Lights o' London as if by magic, and the old Son of Time watched them from his tower until they were all gone. Then, great, solitary, watchful, he peered down upon the vast city—a lonely light.

* * *

And, rambling far in the East end of London, on the third night of the illuminations, I came across a pitiful and touching little attempt at loyalty, that again presented one of those startling and terrible contrasts you can only find in London. In a dingy little court, far

indeed out of the course of any royal procession, one poor window displayed a common old oil-lamp, draped about with red paper. Two penny dip-candles spluttered on either side of it. From a broken pane above, a penny Jack hung limply, and inside, pinned on the opposite wall, one could see a brave picture of the Queen, set about—by what poor hands, God knows!—with a wreath of tawdry paper roses. The room seemed empty, but a sewing machine with some white work upon it, and a pair of little crutches leaning against the wall, under the Queen's picture, brought a passionate sense of the pain and grief of the poor. In all the great City of London there was no more touching expression of loyalty to Her Majesty than this poor little illumination, than this picture tricked so bravely with paper roses; than these child-crutches leaning over against the words with which all England was ringing—"God Bless the Queen."

V.

The Review of the Fleet

A gray and misty day as the "special" to Portsmouth sped out of London. A depressing yellowish fog buried high steeples and chimney pots in a summer "pea-soup." As the train, moving at express speed, beat out towards the country, one felt, viewing the fields and hedges through a blue mist, that the Review was going to be a failure, and that Queen's Weather, so glorious up till now, was about to desert Old England at perhaps the most critical moment. The poppy-fields, all ablaze with their peculiar scarlet, exquisite as they look when under the brilliant sunshine, were even more beautiful seen dimly through the shimmering mists. What is there like the poppy-fields at home here—those little scarlet half-acres hedged about by thick hedgerows, where birds lurk and sing, and brooded over by that

bit of wood on the hill, beyond whence the old ivy-embraced trees lean down to look at the scarlet fields below? One longs to run loose among all that splendour, and gather the poppies in great sheaves. Why did they give these glorious blooms to Death, I wonder? Yet, why not? Death, the comforter, the longed-for by so many, may well kiss us to eternal sleep :—

Lay thy poppies on my lips, O poppied Death,
That I may sink to dreams of splendour.

Seven women in a railway carriage, and during three mortal hours no one speaking to the other! As for the one unhappy man who filled this compartment for eight, he spent an anxious time of it behind his Times. And one was dying to talk, to exchange confidences as to the weather, the beautiful country places, the review—anything! How very—shall I say American, or cosmopolitan?—one has grown when this wild desire to break through early training, and display emotion seizes one

in respectable Britain? But early training got the best of it, and we were dumb. The fat old lady in the corner passed the time in alternate sips at a little sherry flask and nightmares, from which she started with wild snorts that paralyzed the man in the corner, and made the other five women sit up very straight, and sent the unfortunate other woman into mild gigglings (instantly repressed by Early Training). And all the while the sun was fighting with the mists outside, and having reduced these vapouring battalions from a state of blueness to one of silvery whiteness, he at last burst through them triumphantly, and flooded all the beautiful world with gracious light, and the poppy-fields shone with scarlet splendour, and the roofs of old Abbey and Castle descended from the cloud, and peered through the thick woods, and the birds in the hedges awoke and preened themselves, and gave forth great notes, and all the land shone under the radiance as only old Britain can shine. The train sped more softly

Portsmouth at last, gay with bunting and flags, and black with people! Nancy was out in her best hat and feathers to do honour to her own Jack Tar. Blessed old Portsmouth, about whom those roaring sea-songs have been sung, and which boasts everything nautical from Cap'n Cuttles to one-eyed steaks! It was something to view the old sea-town decked out in the glory of Jubilee week. Hadn't she put up her prices, too! She beat London at it, and that's saying a good deal. Not a bed to be had under three guineas a night, and at the end, you could not get the bed, because it was not. Garrets fetched five guineas, and on Saturday night there was no getting supper in the town. She had absolutely run short of provisions. We were all right, however, for our tickets on the Dunera provided for meat and drink. The special ran down to the dock and unloaded. Such a crowd! Women in gay yachting frocks, looking "awfully naval," in white flannels and peaked caps. Women in race costume, all fuss

and feathers and chiffon; women in natty cambric shirts and short skirts and the latest in naval ties; women in wheeling costume; women in reception dress. Men got up nautically, walking with a roll in very Jack Tar trousers; men in sporting attire, with spick little gaiters, and great field-glasses strapped over their shoulders; men in frock coats and toppers, and—the Colonial Boys in uniform, beating the other chaps all to nothing, and driving the women to contempt for those very respectable civilians. Our aim and end was to capture a military man and keep him. And the Canadians—glory be to them—rallied round one splendidly, and it was a pretty proud woman who strutted along the decks with a certain Canadian surgeon-major, brave in red and black and jingling spurs; and it was a pretty proud woman who sat on the deck-rail and gossiped with a couple of gallant Canadian captains (the best looking fellows there). She was a person to be envied by five stolid, fresh-faced English girls, who sat near in a disconsolate

group with only one old man—and he a civilian—to talk to all day long.

Not that there was so much time for talking, for everyone was looking at the superb lines of battleships. It is not every day one gets the chance of looking at nine leagues of solid Sea Power. The Dunera, a big, white-hulled trooping ship, who carried the Admiralty Party, the Colonials, Press-men and women, and others, moved out on the Solent, and anchored just behind the Japanese Fugi. The troopship presented a brilliant sight. Dark, lithe Lascars moved about the decks, getting chairs for the ladies, and directing you to the saloons, where the Board of Admiralty had provided a profuse luncheon, with wines, etc., for their guests. The officers of the different Colonial corps, in their brilliant and diverse uniforms, gave a gay appearance to the whole thing. You were sitting at the same table with people of all nations. Here they were chatting away in French, there you heard Chinese, further along came a gabble from between Malays, Indians,

or Houssas. It was astonishing to see all these vari-coloured officers, black, brown, bronze, yellow, white, each wearing her Majesty's uniform; each serving under the one woman—Victoria the Great and the Good. You get an idea of the immensity and solidity of the British Empire which you could get nowhere else but at these Jubilee festivities. You saw all about you here how much the Colonies meant to Britain; what they would do for her; how they loved her. You would see presently outside there what Britain on the seas could and would do for her Colonies did the hand of an enemy ever touch Colonial shores.

"Here's health to the Queen. The Queen, gentlemen!" The Canadians rose to a man, glasses brimmed—"To the Empress!" corrected the Indians, bowing courteously. This is the way at all the toasts among the Queen's Colonials.

The sun shone royally through the transparent vapours, gradually dissolving them. The wooded heights of the Isle of Wight stole into view, and the

sea-mist crept farther and farther out. The waves sparkled about the black muzzles of the old sea-dogs, who rode the waters sullenly, and they danced away from the keels of the gay little craft, brave in fluttering lines of flags, that sailed along the lines of splendid warships. The sight of the Fleet was the most impressive and moving I have ever seen. Never before did one get the full meaning of "Britannia Rules the Waves." The spectacle was so imposing, so terrible, so imperial, that it passes all attempt at description. One was looking at the real strength and might of this splendid Empire, which owns the very sea! Here on her own "preserves," old Britain was displaying her might. Twenty-seven miles of battle-ships, all drawn from the Home Reserve! Only one ship taken from a foreign station; the rest merely the "little contingent" we get out to show our visitors from time to time. No wonder the men said "By Jove," under their breath, as they climbed up the companionway from luncheon, and looked

abroad over the glittering Solent. There was something terrifying in the aspect of Britain. Something so haughty, so imperial, so significant of power—and yet here to-day, so significant of peace —that it touched the deeper heartstrings, and stirred those human chords of pride, and love-of-fight, and all that there is of pluck and courage and delight in the soul of man. You felt that those big war-dogs were out, muzzled and inocuous, for a holiday; that they were playing with you, letting you see their "points," and going to show you how they could bark playfully in a minute or two. There they were, the Powerful, the Terrible, the Victorious, the Jupiter, the Mars, and the countless others. Power and glory rides this day upon the Solent. You will back the "Queen's Navee" against the whole world. Let them stand aloof! Britain can afford a splendid isolation!

Long ago, what a gloriously artistic sight a review of the Fleet must have been! When the Queen wore bob-curls and crinoline, the world had hardly

seen these immense naked-looking sea-machines, with their smoke-stacks, their low hulks of iron, their sharp stems, their squat, heavy appearance. Long ago you could not see the wooded hills of Wight for the tall masts of the sailing ships, from which the snowy canvas bellied as they rode gacefully at anchor on the glittering sea. But what we lost in art we have made up for—terribly—in machinery. Those iron Titans, which bruise the blue waves of the Solent; those grim, black, yellow-funnelled warriors lying so quietly here to-day, with their fighting tops full of men, their quick-firing three-pounders, their 67-ton 13½ inch guns firing a 1,250 pound shell; their ten 6-inch quick-firers, their electric search-lights, which detect the torpedo-boats of the enemy, what marvels they are of the science, the discoveries, the mechanical ingenuity, the activity of the Victorian era! The mind almost becomes paralyzed at this outcome of man's brain, at this apotheosis of the age of mechanics.

Into a minute description of each of these big ships, I am unable to go. To do that, one should remain for at least a week aboard each one, and even then the task could not be properly accomplished. A little sorting out, however, may help you to some shadowy idea of the splendour of this mighty Queen's Review. The six finest ships of all her Majesty's navy, and the strongest squadron upon the world's waters, are the Victorious, the Jupiter, the Mars, the Prince George, Majestic, and the Magnificent. The Jupiter, Mars, and Victorious had their first active commission at this Review. They are the very latest youngsters turned out by the shipyards. Each, says one in authority, carries four 46-ton wire 12-inch guns, firing an 850-lb. shot with cordite ammunition, which makes no smoke; twelve 6-inch quick firers, discharging a 100-lb. shot, and 38 smaller guns. The 46-ton guns are placed, two at each end of the ship, behind thick armour. On the side the plating is nine inches thick, and is of Harveyized

steel. There is a deck two and a half to four inches thick of steel. The ends of the ships are unarmoured. The speed is between seventeen and a half to eighteen and a quarter knots. There are four torpedo tubes below water, which make no show, but are, as you are aware, a most formidable addition to the armament. There is a fifth torpedo tube astern above water. They are all constructed to keep the sea in any weather, and they sit the Solent here to-day with the dead weight of between 15,000 and 16,000 tons. The twin guns aboard these ships "throw a missile which easily penetrates three solid feet of iron—penetrates a whole yard of armour, as a knife goes through butter. The power exerted by the Prince George's guns in ten minutes of rapid-firing would be enough to lift 390,000 tons ten feet in the air, and the weight of the metal thrown would be about 56 tons." One single battleship of the type of any of these six could have "destroyed, with ease, and without the loss to herself of one

single life, the British, French, and Spanish fleets that fought at Trafalgar."

Oh, shade of Nelson, think of that!

The two fighting tops on each of these vessels are armed with quick-firing three-pounders to smash the enemy's torpedo-boats, or pelt his decks to smithereens, while two higher tops work the electric search-lights. The crew of each of these stern sisters numbers 757, including marines. Three more of these terrible youngsters are in process of completion, and before Christmas Her Majesty can boast nine war-dogs that could smash the coast towns of the world.

As for the scores of others, how formidable they are would be best known to the nations if Britain went to war. There is a class of slightly smaller ships, of a greater speed than those big fellows, magnificently armed, and splendid fighting chaps. Then there are four Titanesses, which must have a special word. These are the Resolution, Repulse, Empress of India,

and the Royal Sovereign. Again I go to the authorities for the description of these great ones. Each carries four 67-ton 13½-in. guns, firing a 1,250 pound shell. The 67-tonners, white and formidable, are placed in pairs at each end of the ship, on pear-shaped towers, plated with 17-inch steel. To load them the breeches are depressed. The guns are turned, loaded, raised or lowered by hydraulic power. The 67-ton gun fires a shot every two minutes, and the 46-ton every minute and a half. The ships have each 148 water-tight doors below. Their displacement is 14,500 tons. These marvellous ships, of fierce and terrible beauty, almost appal the mere onlooker. Some of the other ships have those immense guns which are no longer being built by the English navy, owing to the cost of discharging them, and the necessity for so often repairing them, but it is worthy of mention that the force developed in one shot from these monsters suffices to lift a warship weighing 12,000 tons six feet into the air.

Suddenly—as we stood looking at these terrible lines of battleships—they gave tongue. Sixty guns roared forth a cheer for the sixty years of reign. The Dunera, on which we stood, trembled from stem to stern. The women, many of them, grew frightened. A fierce joy broke in the hearts of others. This was feeling life. This flashing of great lights over the sea-lanes between the lines, followed by the dull and awful roar of the guns, let loose one's wildest feeling of recklessness and mad delight. The lonely avenues of water resounded with dull mutterings. The sea-dogs were barking. It was like thunder among the Rockies. Short, snappy, sharp explosions thundered from the nearer ships, but afar, the great Titans grumbled and muttered and lifted their mighty voices until one thought of the roaring of angry lions. The hills were hidden. The sunlight was obscured by vast clouds of smoke. The warships sank behind the heavy, white drifts. But from out the clouds rolled their terrible voices, and

through the mists we could faintly discern the Royal yacht flying the Admiralty flag at her foremast head, the Standard at the main, and the Union Jack at the mizzen. Then came a silence. The great sea-dogs stopped growling. The tops were full of men, and the decks were manned by honest Jack tars, hand-in-hand. As the Prince steamed by, each vessel's crew rang out such a cheer as you only hear from British sailors, the Marines presented arms, and the ship's band beat out the old anthem. The Prince, in admiral's uniform, stood on the paddle-box of the Royal yacht, with the Dukes of York and Cambridge at his side, and near him the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, his daughter, dressed in white flannels and sailor hats. It was all a splendid sight, one that brought a lump to the throat of many a man, aye, and a tear to his eye, too.

Again the fleet thundered. The little Jap near us (by the way, the other Japs and their Yalu battle taught us to keep our torpedo-tubes under water),

gave tongue in snapping volleys, and nearly cracked half the skulls on the Dunera with his vehemence. Again nature was vanquished, and the hills were hidden, and Britain roared her dominance over the seas, and the little waves curled about her iron feet owning her sovereignty. But already Nature was preparing for vengeance. The sun slipped from the heavens, and was not missed, because of the flashing of gun-lights that flamed above the edges of the waters. The white smoke-cloud grew gray, then purple, then black. "Down!" cried great Nature to the snarling sea-dogs. And they crouched. Then, in the silence—the voice of Heaven spoke. The gods gathered together their cannons, and the thunder of their artillery crashed out from the clouds, and the world was pierced with flying lances of light. As the crack of the boy's toy gun were the voices of the battleships unto the voices of the gods. The sea seemed to shrink and shiver, and the sea-birds keened weirdly as they dipped and fled over the face of the waters.

Nature, offended at the exploitation of man's little power, palpitated with fury. She sounded her heart-beats, and flung fiery glances down at the great Titans, who sat silent, with drooping flags and lowered crests. It was a sublime moment. The thunder bellowed from island to island, and the hills afar caught up the echoes, and muttered in whispers of heaven's wrath. Then fell the blinding tears of Mother Nature. They whipped the sea, and battered our proud flag, and left the decks of the great men-o'-war naked of men. A glint of sunshine flashed out like a small smile, then another, and then the Woman Nature swept the tear-mist from her face and looked out bright and sunny over the drenched earth.

"I've taught those gruff fellows down there their places," quoth she. "I have stopped their barkings."

But the sea-dogs smiled grimly as they shook the wet from their manes of flags.

"Wait till to-night," said they.

* * *

From amid the darkness, clear, pro-

found, the men-o'-war, outlined in light, sprang like enchanted ships hung in mid-air. Fancy thirty miles of Crystal Palace set-pieces in fire-works, and you will have it. What one saw was merely a delicate-lighted tracery of ships, the water-line, bulwarks, bridges, fore and aft masts, fighting tops and funnels all wreathed in light, while the belly of the ships was not perceivable. The Royal yacht, undaunted by the storm of the late afternoon, crept out into the night, and between the lines again. The search-lights swept the waters, and sometimes the body of some dark ship afar leaped into light, a thing of silver for the moment, then sank again into the blackness. Again the guns thundered, flinging their echoes to the hills, and defying Nature. Through the smoke the lights turned to a dull crimson. The effect was entrancing. One thought of Turner, of the Toronto Industrial—of Hades. Mephisto seemed skipping among the tops. Illuminated demons clung goblin-like to the hulls, masts, turrets. A golden fleet sate upon

the waters as if Heaven had fallen. Midnight and sudden darkness. Mephisto and the demons winked once, then fell into Amenti. But, solitary, mighty, in splendid isolation, one device hung between heaven and earth for a while.

It was the sign of the Cross.

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VI.

The Royal Military Review

Waterloo station was a brilliant place on the day of the Queen's Review. Wonderfully gowned women in silk dust cloaks, accompanied by "swells" in frocks and toppers, literally rushed about, looking for seats in the overcrowded specials. As one old railway porter said, "I never see sich a sight o' swells! Markisses, hearls, princes, with their peeresses, was a-minglin' hup with the lower classes, an'—you could 'ardly tell one from t'other. Gawd bless me! but it seems as if we was all much alike arter all."

Off at last for Farnboro', the nearest station to Laffan's Plain, where the review was to come off. A splendid, quick run of an hour through one of the loveliest parts of England, then we pulled

into the station, which was smartly decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and gay lines of bunting.

As guests of the War Office we were splendidly received. 'Buses had been sent down from London for the accommodation of visitors, and a long string of ambulance waggons was in waiting to convey us to the Plain, which is quite a distance away. The day was glorious, a clear blue sky, with a brilliant sun, whose rays were tempered by that cooling breeze which is rarely absent from our little sea-girt isles. Queen's weather clear through all the Jubilee doings! Everyone was in good humour, and even stolid Britons were moved to some showing of mild excitement at the military appearance of the place. Various "By Joves!" were whispered by extremely overbred gentlemen, who permitted themselves no showing of anything so vulgar as emotion. Calm English girls tilted their sailors to the proper angle, and gave vent to their feelings so far as to exclaim, "How interesting!" when a convoy of gloriously-jewelled Indian

princes passed us on the road at a gallop. People even said, "Dear, dear!" and "Quite charming!" and "How curious!" when something unusually splendid appeared. You may imagine, therefore, the brilliancy of the scene when the Saxon was thus forced to expression over it. As for me—being merely a wild and untutored Celt—I felt it all go to my head, and I fell into deep disgrace with a fascinating fellow opposite because I cheered a glorious little squad of Lancers, who went gaily by, their pennons fairly dancing in the breeze. He looked unutterable things, absolutely turning in his high collar (without moving his whole body) to look at me. I was sincerely glad when his monocle dropped out of his eye and hurt the edge of his lordly nose. Perhaps it was my gentle smile at this occurrence that made him turn his back upon me for the rest of the journey.

We were not going to climb to a 'bus-top. We could do that in London any day. But when, I ask you, would one get another chance of climbing into an

ambulance waggon, and being driven along a royal route by a postilion in top boots, and with an Army Service Corps fellow hanging on behind? The red Geneva Cross for us every time, so in with us and away at a trot down the pleasant hedge-lined Farnboro' road, where the children cheered us bravely, and we felt for the moment Court Personages, who ought to bow our acknowledgments in the best Jubilee style. We had in our waggon, besides the man with the monocle, and two very stiff and angular ladies, a jolly, fat adjutant's wife, with a tongue like Tennyson's Brook, which, in spite of coming and going men, was resolved to go on forever. What a fuss she was in whenever the road became blocked, and we waited a moment! She turned the addressed side of her large envelope up, so that we could see she was a service woman, and then she pelted us with the Adjutant. She threw that distinguished Personage at our heads, and he rolled with all his little alphabet through that ambulance waggon. He raked it with

shell and shrapnel, and finally he burst with an explosion, deep and terrific, when one of those "horrid London 'buses" drove past us at a smart gallop. "I'll write to the Adjutant! This is disgraceful! Ride on, postilion! Take a short cut across the Plain! I'll have all this looked after! I'll make the Adjutant stir up this disgraceful War Office! I'll"— A glorious plunge of the old waggon into a deep rut sent her into the lap of the monocled young man, utterly disarranging that estimable person's high opinion of himself. Amid it all, however, we reached the edges of the Plain, and set off on another royal progress down the cleared way kept open for the guests of the War Office.

Like the Admiralty at the Naval Review, the War Department did things splendidly. There was a huge tea-tent provided, where refreshments in the shape of sandwiches, strawberries and cream, tea, and other beverages were to be had for the asking. Tents provided as cloak-rooms for the ladies were even there; in fact every con-

venience, not to say luxury, imaginable. Into the vast recesses of these tents went the Adjutant's wife, and, afar-off, we heard her calling for ice, and telling a tableful that she would write to "the Adjutant about this disgraceful state of affairs." What a life of it that poor man must have, and what a glorious thing Thackeray would have made out of the material provided by his good lady!

The scent of pines is strong on the air, as presently, after a delicious cup of iced tea, you make your way to the front of the immense stand that looks like a mosaic of tender and vivid tones, glorious as it is with gaily-dressed women. Before you on that immense Laffan's Plain are ranged eight brigades of infantry, with behind them the cavalry drawn up, their helmets and lances glittering in the sun—a brave array. A background of wood, of a deep and tender green, throws the brilliant red lines into strong relief, framing this splendid picture. To the north acres of white tents stand out against the lavender-

hued mists that trail along the horizon, and an immense war-balloon poised above the field sways softly in the wind. Laffan's Plain, large as it is—a stretch of one mile in length—is too small a place in which to hold a very large review. The Long Valley, where the review was held in 1887, is much larger and wider; but it is an arid place, where one cannot see the troops when in movement, owing to the vast clouds of dust. This lovely green plain, dipping into a little valley between Hants and the Surrey uplands, presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world. How this was enhanced by the brilliant variety of colours of the different uniforms can be fairly imagined. Here were the scarlet tunics and white helmets of the linesmen; the dark blue of the rifle and artillerymen; the red tunics and bearskins of Guardsman and Fusilier; the bonnie Highlanders, gay and gallant; the Cavalry, in flashing cuirasses and gleaming helmets, the Royal Horse, brave in yellow braid, and among them all the dashing

Colonials, in their many-hued uniforms; the sumptuously bejewelled Indians, and the magnificent Household Guard and staff officers. What a splendid picture! "General Bobs" on his swift white Arab, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Methuen, and dozens of other well-known men were riding about, getting everything in order before the coming of Her Majesty. The grand stand was divided in two, and here the flagstaff rose, showing the position the Royal carriages would occupy. At the first boom of the cannon, announcing that Her Majesty had arrived at Farnborough station, every soldier—standing at ease, hitherto—instantly stood to attention, and a fresh buzz arose from the brilliant bees upon the long stretch of stand. Officers rode up and down the lines shouting orders. Row upon row of firearms shot up into the air at word of command. The ring of steel clattered along the lines. People got into their places and adjusted their glasses, and then "God Save the Queen" clashed from the massed cavalry and

artillery bands, and the Queen's carriage, drawn by four grays, with postilions, and the two stalwart Highland servants hanging on behind, and preceded and followed by the brilliant Indian escort, drove into the enclosure. The Review began immediately; the Colonial forces, under the command of Lord Roberts, assisted by Colonel Herbert, being assigned the post of honour in the march past the Queen. The Cavalry came first, headed by that splendid and compact body, the North-West Mounted Police, who received a splendid ovation. The Cape Mounted Riflemen, another fine troop, followed, then came the Cyprus Military Police, and after them the Canadian Cavalry. The men made a splendid showing, keeping their horses well in line—a fine, stalwart contingent. To fill in the details of the brilliant display made by the Colonials would take too long, and perhaps weary you. They behaved well, and were a credit to their several countries. It was a pity that our Infantry had to march past to a Cavalry tune, as it sent the fel-

lows fishing for step a trifle, but I think no one noticed this in the excitement and bursts of cheering which attended the marching of the boys. After they had paraded, the Colonial Cavalry took up a position close behind Her Majesty, whilst the Infantry occupied a line at the foot of the grand stand, close to the ropes, whence they could command a view of the proceedings. Perhaps, of all the Colonials, the smart little body of Rhodesian Horse, headed by Colonel Gifford, whose armless right sleeve was pinned against his breast, received the heartiest welcome. Volleys of cheering greeted the little troop, and three sub-cheers were given for "Dr. Jim." In spite of trials and sentences, and other portentous proceedings, "Dr. Jim" occupies a very warm corner in the hearts of the English people, who rightly forgive everything to the man whose motto is the sacred monosyllable "PLUCK."

And now on come the home regulars, led by three batteries of Royal Horse Artillery. A great and stirring sight

as they go by in column of batteries, the six guns of each, muzzle to muzzle, and breech to breech. The rattle of the gun-carriages over the sward, followed by the subdued thunder of the squadron of cavalry, with the troopers riding knee to knee, was exhilarating in a high degree. On with them, endless lines of men and horses. Blues, 6th Dragoon Guards, 1st Dragoons, 12th Lancers, 3rd, 10th and 15th Hussars, behind them, six batteries of Field Artillery, guns well aligned, and horses full of fun and business—an inspiring sight. The Royal Engineers followed, with their pontoons and telegraph sections, and strong field corps. Great was the cheering when the Maxim guns, in light carriage, galloped behind regiments of troopers. Like a great cloud the masses of men and horse drifted by, and now Tommy Atkins—the veritable Tommy himself—swept onward. Footguards, Guardsmen, heads well up, and rifles at shoulder with free swinging arms, moved by in perfect rhythmical lines, while a roar of applause

shook the stand. The Grenadiers were played past to their own air, "The British Grenadiers," and the splendid fellows got a great reception. The whole plain was alive with moving men, marching to the sound of martial music. The drummers whirled their sticks, and rapped out the time in glorious form. The drum-majors outdid one another in splendid whirligigs, every man knew himself on parade before the Queen, and did his duty in Britain's honour. The Borderers played to the tune of "John Peel," and the gallant Gordons kept time to "Hielan' Laddie," the people cheering vociferously as they went by, marching to the wild skirl of the pipes. Next came the Fusileers, stout and excellent troops, and last the Army Service and Medical Staff Corps took the field, each body driving lines of eight waggons abreast, wheel to wheel, as it were one waggon. Pack mules, laden with brooms and shovels, and pioneer corps, their axes on their shoulders, passed onward. The Commissariat waggons lumbered by presently, and one felt that the whole

army was represented. The baggage waggons, and all the necessary departments of British fighting forces—here they all were. Presently we saw the troops at the double form up in lines of quarter column by brigade, and these brigade fronts marched back again past the Queen. These ponderous columns, these enormous masses of moving men thundered by. The field shimmered with a silvery cloud of steel, beneath which the scarlet bank of men looked almost terrible. The several bands marched before the men, playing superbly. Then, the infantry having passed, came the most exciting event of the Review.

The Cavalry and Artillery turned with a roar as if some storm were about to break over the plain, and thundered past at a wild gallop, the lances flashing, the pennons flying, the horses' manes and tails spread in the wind, racing madly forward in a splendid charge. The gun-carriages leaped over the grass. The Kipling-jingle rang out sharply as the splendid squadrons sped by, shaking the very ground.

Every heart beat its fullest, and many a tear fell unheeded over the faces of man and woman. At last emotion was let loose; at last the bridging of early training, of repression, of stolidity, was swept away, and the great tide of sentiment which rolls deep through every human heart leaped above the barriers, and a volley of cheering broke from the people. It was splendid; it was magnificent. It touched the edges of the sublime.

And now the infantry, having been reinforced in quarter column, faced the Queen. The massed bands played the national song. The Duke of Connaught called for three cheers. Thirty thousand men answered with a roar. Helmets and busbies went up on musket and bayonet, and the Plain rang again and again with joyous clamour. The Queen drove slowly along the lines close by the stand. Never had she—this little old Royal Woman—seemed so great. Before her rode the princely Indian Cavalry. Beside her were her sons and kinsmen. And all round her stood her loyal soldiers and subjects. Opposite to her sat

Beatrice of Battenberg and Princess Christian. Her Majesty wore black and white, and the tiniest of white sunshades. Her face was full of happiness and pride. She bowed again and again, smiling at her people. There was none of the sadness I noticed at the Jubilee procession visible in her face to-day. As her carriage moved slowly onwards the horse of one of the Indian Princes, frightened at the bands, the cheering, the clamour, reared, broke away from the ranks, pranced wildly up in the air, and flung his splendidly accoutred rider flat on his face before his Sovereign. For a second the man did not move. Then people gathered him up, scattered turban, gold lace, and all, and escorted him off somewhere, while his horse careered over the field in high glee at his exploit. Whether the fallen man was Maharaj, Rajput or Punjabis, no one seemed to be able to tell, neither did the papers say what became of him. The sight of all that splendour—down on the grass—brought sharply to mind at this brilliant moment the weakness and pettiness of poor humanity, no

matter how splendidly it is garbed, or what high station it adorns. Everywhere and always, when one is viewing the great people of the world and feeling the bigness of things, some little occurrence takes place to show us our weakness, our ephemeralness, our mere tawdriness. A bucking broncho can send the most magnificent among men to bite the dust. A thunderstorm rattling from the heavens can knock out the guns of the finest navy in the world in three cracks. We are but flies buzzing in the hollow drum of the world.

The Review was over. The crowds poured out again, and fought for seats in the ambulance waggons. Boom went the sullen guns, proclaiming the Queen's departure for Windsor. The throng streamed back from the Plain, afoot, on horseback, on wheels, 'bus-tops, drag, landau, and coster's cart. We reached the station some time after nine o'clock and got to town about ten. Then came a wild rush for dinner; a wilder scrambling into one's gown and things, and a dash across town to a London crush. Heavens! what a whirl it is!

VII.

State Night at Covent Garden.

On the night following Jubilee Day, the Court visited Covent Garden Theatre. The sight was one to be remembered for a lifetime, because it was not alone a great and beautiful sight, but it was assuredly an event of history. Full Court nights at the opera are not of common occurrence; and a Court night when not alone the Royalty of England, but the Princes, Highnesses, and Diplomats of Foreign Courts are present, and that on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, is an event of the most brilliant kind—one not to be forgotten while memory lasts.

Roses, roses. Everywhere England's flower. Literally, from floor to box-top, nothing but wreaths and bowers of

roses, whence shone out the fairest faces in the world, whence glimmered all that there is of costly gems, diadems, gorgeous uniforms. The wealth of all the world seemed gathered here. Here were pomp, power, glory. The perfume of this rose-embowered theatre amid which the very heart of this great Empire seemed to beat, the assemblage of Colonial Premiers, sailors, soldiers, statesmen, all who are distinguished in the arts or sciences; this wonderful gathering together of beauty, wealth, power, literature, and art, impressed one again and again with the greatness of Britain. Here the component parts of the most illustrious State in all the world met, as it were, to gaze on each other under fitting circumstances, and to give to spectators some idea of the splendour and weight of the British Empire.

The Royal box was distinguished from the others on the grand tier by its decoration of splendid orchids. You saw a Royal salon of amber and white, whose pillars were wreathed with fern fronds that trembled as if frightened

at all this radiance. The walls of this salon were of yellow satin, veiled in fine lace, and relieved by tall mirrors and great palms banked with gorgeous blooms. Draperies of yellow drooped from the great crown built above the box. This crown was of yellow orchids, with a centre of deep blood-red roses. An openwork curtain of roses woven with delicate greenery hid the front of all the circles, and drooped above the boxes, making a fairy-like frame for the Royal women, peeresses, and ladies, who presented a splendid picture. The house was full long before the Royal party appeared, and when the orchestra broke into "God Save the Queen," and that magnificent assemblage rose to do honour to her Majesty, the appearance of the theatre was something superb. In the hair of the women the diamonds trembled and glittered, and vague and delicious perfumes arose and mingled with the scent of the roses. A lustrous sheen glimmered over box and stall, and one might easily imagine oneself in some enchanting fairyland, where all was

laughter and happiness, and gleam of jewels and blaze of beauty. It was difficult to imagine that outside there in the night—and very close to all this—there was misery and pain and squalor, and all the sorrows of the very poor and forlorn. The inequality of things forced itself heavily upon one.

At a little before nine o'clock the Royal party entered their golden box, now one flood of sparkling electric light. The Prince, in his Field Marshal's uniform, with the broad, blue Garter across his ample breast, led the way with the Grand Duchess of Hesse on his arm. Amid her beautiful hair a great cluster of diamonds wavered and glittered. The Princess, looking like a slender young girl, was in white, a shimmery white gown, embroidered all over with silver points, brilliants and pearls. Her high crown of diamonds sparkled and shone again as the electric lights caught it, and under it her calm face, with those sad deep eyes, looked very fair and fragile. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria escorted the Princess.

Princess Christian was also in white, her bodice crossed by the red ribbon of some order, and a very high diamond coronet on her head. Princess May wore pink, with a superb showing of jewels. Her tiara was set far back on her head in the latest fashion. The Duchess of Fife's crown was high and pointed. Princess Charles of Denmark wore a satin gown of some pale tint, with a pretty little tiara of diamonds, while Princess Victoria, sitting very far back, was in pale green, with a great star of jewels in her hair. The diadem worn by the Crown Princess of Naples differed from all the others. It was a very high, broad band, with tiny points at the top, one solid mass of blazing diamonds. Her dress of rose petal satin glimmered and shone with jewels. The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia wore the largest emerald in the world. As for the appearance of the grand tier and other circles, it was as if a river of jewels encompassed the house.

Suddenly, while all this splendid house was glittering with gems, with

the blaze of scarlet and gold lace, darkness fell over the place, and through the dusk the diamonds took a more delicate tone, and shimmered softly. The Royal box alone remained in a glory of light. Imagine, then, the effect of that gold-lined loge, where these Royal women, ablaze with jewels and orders, and accompanied by Princes in gorgeous uniforms, sat. It was like a great jewel star, set in the midst of a dusky cloud, through which lesser stars glimmered. In the silence, one could almost feel the place throbbing sensuously. Life was at its fullest heart-beats. All that was wanting was the music, and when Seidl took his place, and the second act of Tannhauser, with Eames, Van Dyck, Plancon, Bonnard, and Gillibert began, every artistic appetite was gratified. All that there was to do then was to close the eyes on all this brilliancy for a moment, and ascend to Wagnerian heavens.

After Wagner came Gounod. The third act of Romeo and Juliet, with Melba, Bauermeister, the Brothers de

Reszke and Plancon, and then the fourth act of the old "Huguenots" was interpreted by Miss Macintyre, Messrs. Plancon, Renaud and Alverez. M. Renaud made his first appearance in England on this eventful night, and sang superbly. The Australian prima-donna was also in excellent voice, and we all know what that means in Madame Melba. No murmur of applause, however, beyond a mere hum, greeted any of these great singers. Court etiquette forbids any such demonstration. Everything was received in stately silence. That such a brilliant spectacle should fade and melt away was the one note of regret and dissatisfaction. One could wish it to last forever. This vision of roses; this dream of regal splendour; these beautiful faces, under the flashing diadems; these stalwart men in uniform; these magnificent Indian potentates with rare jewels gleaming in their turbans, and, above all, this divine music filtering down to earth, as it were, from the very heart of Heaven —that all this must melt away and

break up, was a matter of almost poignant regret for the moment. As rapidly as the shadows pass in a dream, the house emptied. We lingered a moment to look round after all this brilliancy had vanished. The garlanded circles still sent forth exquisite odours; the music still seemed to throb through the place, but the soul of it all had gone! The roses dropped their petals softly, and the orchids, withering under that glare of light, fell, parched and dying. Then the lights went out, and darkness fell upon this house, that but a few seconds ago was alight with England's pride and beauty, and wealth.

* * *

Outside, the people lined the ways to see Royalty pass. Policemen cleared the road, sometimes pressing the crowds back with some roughness. Here was poor gin-soddened Jenny, with her hat knocked one side over her frowsy head. Here was the city clerk in his shabby coat, the buttonhole of which a penny rose brightened. Here was the flotsam and jetsam of a great city; the chamber-

maid and her "young gentleman," the Covent Garden carrier, looking jaded after the day's work, the big "coalie" from round the corner, the little sempstress with her bundle of sewing under her arm, the ubiquitous Cockney, the would-be masher, the Devon farmer up to London to see the show. Poor Humanity! Poor working people! Poor submerged! Down the cleared ways rattled the Life Guards, their cuirasses shining in the lamp-light, their white plumes tossing like foam about the glistening helmets. Then the Royal carriages, the hammercloths of scarlet and gold, and bewigged coachmen and footmen. And then—the cheers of the people! Jenny, with her cracked "Hurrah!" tumbling about the pavement, and being butted into by policemen. The city clerk, with his hoarse shout of greeting; the chambermaid, shrilling in high treble. The coal-heaver, bawling from those big lungs of his vigorous yells of loyalty, and outcheered by the farmer, who waves his hat wildly, and thumps the big bobby's

back in his exuberance—each and all declaring, in his own way, his love and allegiance to the great ones of the world. Ah! vox populi! of what are you not made up? I wonder if you are indeed as they tell us—the voice of the gods! Then must the gods be devoid of any sense of humour.

VIII.

Colonials Decorated by the Prince of Wales

Upon the invitation, most kindly and cordially tendered to me by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, I accompanied the Canadian Premier and his wife to Buckingham Palace on the morning of July 3, to see the commemoration medals presented to the Colonial troops by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We drove down early in one of the Royal carriages (vehicles which have been at the command of the Colonial Premiers since their arrival) on a pleasant, warm morning, and alighting at the Palace walked through lofty rooms and long corridors—lonely and magnificent places—till we reached the great lawn beyond, with its rich background of old trees, half-veiled in a tender bluish mist. Out on

this expanse of soft green sward stood a splendid soldier-like phalanx of Colonials, waiting to receive the last of the many great favours lavished on them by Royalty and by Britons. The day before they had been warmly received by the Queen in her beautiful Berkshire home, and to-day they were —every man of them—to receive a medal from the hands of the Queen's eldest son, and to pass in review before the beautiful and beloved Princess of Wales.

The scene was heart-stirring. One lost sight of the grandeur of it in the more subtle emotions that were moving through all one's being. These variously-attired and curious-looking forces represented so much. A striking significance was attached to these men, who formed three sides of a hollow square on the great lawn, men of all colours—black, brown, white—men from all the edges of the world, standing here together—brothers in this pregnant moment, serving under the one flag and the one Queen. The might and greatness

of the British Empire was demonstrated in a singularly touching and impressive manner by this handful of men—if I may call them so—who stood about in strange uniforms, distinguished—every man of them—by that martial bearing and military precision which distinguishes the Queen's soldiers wherever they are found. Splendidly have the Colonials borne themselves throughout the trying and fatiguing duties connected with all these festivities. They were here to-day to receive a special reward from Royal hands, and there was some sadness in the thought that for the last time the men from Canada, Borneo, Jamaica, Cape Town, Hong Kong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Australia, and all the rest of the world's rim would meet together.

The day, though pleasant, was gray. Its soft dimness somehow harmonized with one's feelings. No glint of sun caught the arms of the soldiery, nor lighted up their many-hued uniforms, yet the scene was animated and full of colour. The Premiers and their parties were allowed to remain on the lawn im-

mediately behind the Royal party—other ladies and their escorts were accommodated with seats on the long balcony of the Palace. Having come down with the Canadian Premier, it was my privilege to stand almost directly behind the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, hence I am able, in the interests of the great journal I have the honour to represent, to give a full and correct report of the proceedings.

The cavalry and field artillery in squadron column, and the garrison artillery and engineers in line formation were on the west side of the lawn, while on the north were the infantry in line. In the middle of the west side the band of the Grenadier Guards took up position.

In front of the Palace a mighty elm throws out soft shadows over the grass. Here it was that Royalty gathered, and around and behind stood the Colonial Premiers and their parties. Every moment the centre square presented a brilliant appearance. Lord Wolseley, in Field Marshal's uniform, wearing the Order of St. Patrick ; Lord Roberts, with

his keen, somewhat worn, but decidedly "fighting" face, also in Field Marshal's dress, wearing the Order of the Star of India; Mr. Chamberlain, in the dress of a Privy Councillor, and a host of other brilliant gentlemen, moved about the field. And now—very quietly—without any fuss or trumpet-blowing, came the Royal party. The Prince, in the uniform of colonel of the Grenadier Guards, with the riband and star of the Garter across his portly breast, looked exceedingly well and handsome. In spite of his increasing stoutness, and the assaults of time, the Prince is a man of extreme dignity and splendid bearing. The Duke of Cambridge does not come off so well as regards appearance, but, in his Field Marshal's attire, and with his display of interest in everything that was taking place, he appeared to be a most affable and friendly gentleman. The Duke of Connaught—most beloved—after His Royal Highness of Wales—of all the Princes, looked almost like a boy. His blue eye was full of fun, and he kept the Princess of Wales

amused and interested by explanations of the different corps as they passed in single file.

The Princess of Wales looked singularly youthful and beautiful. She is a marvellously graceful woman. Her deep, dark-blue eye is full of kindliness and sympathy. She was dressed in a trained gown of silvery gray poplin. Over the bodice was a cuirass of creamy point lace, panels of which were on either side of her skirt. Her toque was a tiny affair of violet-coloured flowers, among which a diamond crescent gleamed. She wore canary kid gloves, and carried a plain brown silk parasol. I noticed that her veil did not cover her whole face, but stopped a little below her mouth. It was, in fact, one of those "mask" veils that were fashionable years ago. The Princess does not follow the fashions as other women do. She has always kept to the same styles; to those little coronal bonnets, that hair massed above the forehead, those plain, exquisitely-fitting gowns. Her figure is as lithe, slender and graceful as that

of a young girl. Her voice is singularly soft and sweet. Her whole presence is bright, dignified, gracious and extremely simple. Her daughter, Princess Victoria, was dressed in blue and white glace silk, and she wore a black hat in which one pink rose was pinned. She grows every day more and more like the Queen, to whom she bears a most striking resemblance. The Duchess of York looked extremely fresh and pretty in a charming costume of heliotrope silk. Everyone admired Prince Charles of Denmark in his quiet naval uniform, which contrasted admirably with the more brilliant dresses of his royal kinsmen. He is a tall, slender, very handsome young man, of most distinguished bearing. He would be a good-looking man even were he not a prince. As it is, he received more admiring glances from the ladies than any man present, and seemed to be enjoying himself very much, chatting gaily to Princess Victoria.

But the Prince of Wales has begun his inspection of the troops. With Lord

Roberts by his side, and Lord Wolseley, the Dukes of Connaught, York and Cambridge, and Mr. Chamberlain following, he made a tour of the three sides of the square, carefully inspecting the bearing and appearance of the men, and often stopping to ask something of "General Bobs." When the inspection was over, and the Prince and party had returned to the shelter of the big elm, he spoke for a moment to Mr. Chamberlain. The Colonial Minister immediately afterwards turned to the Premiers and their ladies, and invited them to come forward and be presented to the Princess of Wales. The Princess received them with the utmost cordiality, chatting for a moment to each one. It was odd to see the funny little bows some of the Colonial ladies made when the Princess offered her hand. You could not call these sudden little dippings, curtseys, they reminded one more of the bobbing up and down of your Irish peasant when she is calling you "Your Honour." Lady Laurier, however, was an exception. She bowed

with the quiet and inimitable grace of a French lady.

Colonel Herbert gives the order to the men to advance in single file from the right, and now, headed by wonderful, compact little "General Bobs," come the soldiers from the world's edges, fine, stalwart, promising fellows, marching along towards the Prince and glory. Each officer and man stopped opposite his Royal Highness, saluted, received his medal, saluted again, and passed on. The officers received silver medals, the men, bronze. On the face of these commemoration trophies is the Queen's head, the reverse side being inscribed: "In commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, June 20, 1897." A wreath of laurels surmounted by a crown surrounds this writing. To each medal is attached a ribbon of light and dark blue. The men saluted differently Some raised the hand to the cap in ordinary military salute; others struck their right breasts twice; others again saluted with their weapons.

The Princess of Wales took a lively interest in every troop, and seemed especially taken with the wiry little Dyaks, the head-hunters of North Borneo, who marched past with full scalp-sticks, trying to look fiercely alert, but beaming, every yellow little man of them, with pride and delight in this great moment of their lives. Great interest was also taken by their Royal Highnesses in the splendid little troops of Rhodesian Horse, and when Captain Gifford received his medal with his left hand—his empty right sleeve being pinned across his gallant breast—there was not a trooper present who did not envy him that armless sleeve, while every woman cheered, deep silent heart cheers, away down in her soul.

It took more than an hour and a half to decorate all the fellows, and when it was over the men fell back into position. The Prince of Wales, stepping a couple of paces forward, doffed his hat, and called in a clear voice for "Three cheers for the Queen-Empress," leading the van himself with a great "Hurrah!"

You should have heard the men! That comparatively little Colonial force beat the Navy and Army together at it. A roar of joyous greeting came from the soldiers who guard the Empire in far and foreign lands. "One cheer more,' cried that prince of good fellows, his Royal Highness of Wales! And his cocked hat waved again as the mighty cheer arose and sang among the elms. It was one of many almost supreme moments. The grandeur, exclusiveness, distance that belongs to Royalty was bridged over, Prince and people touched hearts. It was our Queen's son, the first Englishman of the land, the gentleman, the soldier, the comrade—leading his men in a Royal cheer for his Royal Mother—and it was great.

As the men formed and marched past, bands playing, and colours flying, to Chelsea Barracks, there to begin the melancholy process of dispersal, for the Canadians were to ship that night from Liverpool, the Duke of Cambridge, turning to some grand and gold-laced personage, said, "That was a pretty

sight—a very pretty sight—and—" this with the greatest emphasis, "it means everything."

It does. It means that Britain trusts and depends on her Colonies in a far greater degree than before these important festivities the Colonies were aware of. It means that the spirit of love and kindliness th .t has always existed between the Mother Country and her Colonies has grown to gigantic proportions during the last month; that new and strong links have been forged in that splendid chain that reaches from England to the very rim of the world. And it means—for Canada I hope—that she will be represented in the Imperial Parliament at home before long—foremost and greatest of the Colonies that she is.

The Prince of Wales, chatting with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, expressed his satisfaction, and indeed delight, at the display made by the Colonial troops, and also expressed a keen regret that "the Canadians had to leave so soon." Standing directly in front of his Royal

Highness, one had an opportunity of making one's obeisance in return to a very friendly salute. I don't think it will be accorded snobbish if one confesses to being very joyful over this little incident. Such events do not occur often in one's life, and it was a great thing to catch a friendly gleam in the blue eye of the First Gentleman of Europe. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the most honoured of all the Premiers, the Royal party holding long and friendly converse with him, the Duke of Connaught especially singling him out for merry conversation. Altogether Sir Wilfrid and his lady have been the Colonial lions of the season, and no more fitting or graceful representative could the Dominion have at the present time than this intellectual French-Canadian, with his perfect manner, his marvellous tact, his great kindliness and courtesy to every one of his countrymen —no matter to what "party" he belonged—who had occasion to approach him in London.

IX.

The Duchess of Devonshire's Fancy Ball

There was an opportunity for just a peep at them, the gorgeous personages who personated dead and gone personages at Devonshire House the other night. "Where is Mrs. Bradley-Martin and her Murry Antinette Crown now?" one asked oneself when viewing this most brilliant assemblage. Outside in the street the "masses" had a faint idea of the gorgeousness that was going on within, for the ducal mansion was ablaze with light, and an illuminated crown, flanked with V. R.'s, glimmered and quivered over the portals. Inside the decorations put the Arabian Nights Entertainment people into the shade. Kiralfy is nothing but a mere sign-

painter. The other Duchess' entertainments this season seemed but shabby little affairs. This, of course, in view of the Devonshire splendours. No one was to come in attire later than 1820. That was the edict. Then parties were to represent Courts. That was another edict. Finally, for the last month or two, chatelaines and their friends spent most of their time in the family picture-galleries, studying musty old ancestors, with the result that every second person looked as if he or she had stepped down from certain ancient and heavy frames, and were taking a hand in Jubilee festivities. It was a fine occasion in which to exploit one's forbears. Those who hadn't any—and what a lot of lath and plaster peers haven't?—dipped into history and romance, and emerged crested, ancestored and mottoed, in attire warlike, splendid and historical.

In my glimpse at these wonders I saw: A great white marble stairway with gilt handrail, and baluster of clear crystal caught across with silver bands,

and half-smothered in towering palms. State rooms, which were simply masses of growing flowers, which exhaled a divine perfume. Tables, above which electric-lighted palm-fronds drooped, making the brilliant plate and glass service wink again. Gardens, a dream of fairyland, with Venetian lanterns looming softly through branches, and flower-beds outlined with little coloured lamps, and gravel walks set with fairy lights. All these I saw and wondered at. But when the great procession of the Courts entered these vast ducal chambers and gardens, the mind fell back into the lands of history and romance, and all that one had ever read or heard of leaped into life. Here was Marguerite of Valois (people said she was the Princess of Wales, but she was Marguerite to me), in a dress of white, richly wrought with silver—a calm and stately lady with a crown of diamonds on her head, and about her brows loose-falling gems that rested there like luminous tears. Her page,

in white and gold, crimson-capped and caped, carried the great white train, and all about stood the ladies of her suite, attired in garments of much splendour and many hues. Marguerite of Valois passing presently to her throne upon the dais, seated herself thereon, and prepared to view the Royal procession of Courts which were about to pass.

First came stately Elizabeth, with her retinue of fair dames and doughty knights. The Queen was attired in a hooped skirt of white and gold brocade, with a bodice of white tissue and stomacher blazing with jewels. Her great ruff of stiffened lace, wrought with gold, stood out about her throat, below which long chains of pearl crossed her bosom. Her head blazed with diamonds, chains of gold, and ropes of pearl, and four Yeomen of the Guard, in scarlet, gold, and black, held a canopy over the head of her Majesty. Sir Walter Raleigh walked beside the Queen, his purple mantle ready for emergencies, and all

about her moved her great knights and gentlemen, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Francis Drake, My Lord of Burleigh, and the daring Earl of Essex. Proudly did Elizabeth (whom latter-day society calls Lady Tweedmouth) salute Marguerite of Valois. Then with her brilliant suite she passed.

In the train of her cruel cousin walked Mary of Scotland, splendidly garbed in her velvet of turquoise-hue, wrought richly with pearls and silver. Her cap of silken muslin sat upon her beautiful little head with all the dignity of a crown. Behind her came Mary Hamilton, in a cape of white velvet, and cap of silver and pearls, and Mary Seaton, all in white, embossed with gold, walked modestly in the rear.

Room for Marie Therese of Austria! Blow a blast, O Herald! and permit this majestic court of fifty followers to pass before the dais.

In satin, sewn with many a seed pearl, and thread of gold, in stomacher of diamonds, and flowing mantle of stiff white

brocade chained with pearls and with a cross of diamonds blazing above her brows, walked the haughty Austrian, attended by five Arch-Dukes, and five Arch-Duchesses. No less lovely a woman impersonated Her Imperial Majesty, than her Grace of Londonderry. On swept this glittering train, then the heralds, pausing a moment, set the silver trumpets to their lips, and ushered in Catharine of Russia and all her Court. The magnificent barbarian was robed in white, upon which was wrought in raised gold a great pomegranate upspringing from a crown, the fruit wrought in solid rubies. The train of yellow velvet bore embroidered upon it, double-headed eagles, black and terrible, with jewelled beaks and eyes, and it was lined and bordered with ermine. Viscountess Rainscliffe is the modern name of Empress Catharine. Behind her swept a vast train of ladies and courtiers in lichen-green doublets, and cloth-of-silver trains—a dream of splendour and colour. Passing, they made

way for Queen Guinevere and the Knights of the Round Table. Guinevere, in a wondrous robe of silvery white, all wrought with gold, and with a gold scarf across her bosom, and a gold cap upon her head, walked a stately measure past the dais with Enid, in white velvet and silver, upon her right hand, and Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, in a modest gown of filmy cloud-like crepe upon her left. King Arthur, in a tunic of white brocade, superbly worked with gold, with shirt of mail, and great Excalibur, sheathed by his side, moved slowly by with Launcelot, the brave and false, on his right hand. Sad Launcelot, in mail, armour and helmet, and Knight's mantle of blue velvet, carried not the shield nor colours of sweet Elaine—nor yet of any dame—but proudly making obeisance to Marguerite Valois, he passed upon his way. As in a dream, all these wondrous Courts swept by, and drifted away among the glittering stream of personages, who moved towards the enchanted gardens

that lay outside the palace. Two splendid Furies, in flame-coloured, gold-shot gauze, and carrying electric torches, gravely saluted Horace Walpole (the Earl of Rosebery) in his doublet, and long vest of sage-green velvet and delicate silver silk hose, and then flashed by to nod at a Roundhead, in brown jerkin and cavalier boots—no less a person than the Right Honorable H. H. Asquith. The Queen of Sheba, in gold and purple gauze, her bodice encrusted with turquoises and diamonds, her girdle fringed with jewels, a bird of Paradise nodding a-top her superb crown, paused a moment to salute a Louis Seize courtier in a marvellous suit of rose-coloured velvet, whom we would have never recognized as the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain were he not betrayed by an orchid. Anne of Cleves (Lady Rothschild) in a stiff skirt, with padded hips, and cap of brocade, and blazing bejewelled stomacher, had something important to say to a very proper gentleman in leather jerkin and scarlet breeches

who had just stepped out of a Van Dyck picture; while Sir Thomas Moore, in his long brown velvet robe, trimmed with black fur, gaily accosted Semiramide, who was garbed in a marvellous dress of silver cloth embossed with jewels.

Zenobia (the Duchess of Devonshire), the giver of this great feast, stood at the top of the white marble stairway. Her dress of tissue of silver, wrought with jewels, shimmered and gleamed like a fairy garment. Upon her head was set a bandeau of gold, round which hung chains of pearls, turquoises and diamonds. An over-dress of gold, sewn with flashing gems, gleamed superbly. She seemed one vast and glittering radiancy from which points of light emanated.

On and on, procession after procession, passed this dream of fair women and gallant men. The exquisite rooms, the softly-lighted gardens, throbbed with music. The little electric lamps, set among the flowers, paled before the eyes

of light that flashed from the jewelled stomacher, or fringe, or girdle. The very stars in the soft, dark vault above grew dim, and sifted behind little veils of cloud. One expected to wake suddenly from an "Arabian Nights" dream, and find it all a vagary of night and sleep. Stepping out into the gas-lit streets presently, coming at once into the roar of London with her eternal string of moving hansoms and carriages, her horror of painted women, her misery of pinched faces; the whole sorrow and agony of life fell heavily about one, and, half in a dream still, yet awaking to the sterner realties, one waited behind a knot of people, who for some reason were stopping the way.

"Move on!" said the policeman, tapping me smartly with his baton. "Move on there!"

I was awake. The wonderful dream had passed. I knew it could never have been real life. One had dipped into the lands of history and romance, that was all. That splendid world be-

hind the walls of Devonshire House could not exist side by side with this!

"Move on!" called the policeman again, more testily. "Move on, there, I say"— And like little Jo in Tom-All-Alones, I moved on with the crowd.